THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1729 this paper was purchased by Benjamin Franklin and published by him as "The Pennsylvania Gazette" until 1765 when it passed into other hands. The title was changed to "The Saturday Evening Post" on August 4,

Founded A.D. 1728

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 7, 1899

Volume 171 Number 28

5 cents a copy $2.50 a Year

1821 and the office of publication was the one formerly occupied by Benjamin Franklin, in the rear of 53 Market St., Philadelphia. In the year 1897 it became the property of the present publishers, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Copyright, 1899, by The Curtis Publishing Company

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 433 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

THE GENERAL'S BELATED CHRISTMAS

When Black Joe Returned to the Old Plantation

By WILL N. HARBEN

Pictures by F. R. CRUCER

GENERAL CONGREVE drove along the road in his buggy. By his side sat a negro boy about twelve years of age. Following the buggy, and quite near at hand, was a pair of sleek mules, driven by a burly negro, who whistled and sang, and shouted familiarly at toilers in the distant fields. The wagon in which he stood had a deep bed, shaped like a boat.

It was Christmas Eve, and as the two vehicles entered the hamlet and passed along the main street, the trio of persons saw many indications of the approaching holiday. Two young men on ladders were nailing a wreath of evergreens around the dial of the town clock in the bell-tower of a little white church. A cluster of idlers watched their movements from the pavement below. The shop windows were filled with toys, candies, Roman candles, sky-rockets and cannon crackers. On the sidewalks, venders were calling attention to the paltry prices of their mistletoe and Christmas trees of mountain cedar. Everywhere people were hurrying to and fro with baskets.

"What do you think Santa is going to bring you, Alfred?" asked the General of the boy as they neared the principal store.

"I don't know, suh." The boy's eyes gleamed. He had held his breath at several points along the road in anticipation of that question, and now that it had finally come he found himself unable to meet it courageously. The visions of tin things, things with wheels, articles capable of producing far-reaching sounds, deadly weapons, sharp-edged or for the discharging of powder and lead, produced a maze in his childish mind.

•

"What do you want him to bring you?" smiled the General.

"I don' know, Marse General; you kin pick it out."

"Ah, I can, eh? You must think me an' him acquainted."

The General laughed light-heartedly as he alighted in front of the store. "Ephraim," he called out to the negro in the wagon, "hurry up; we have no time to lose; the store is jamb-full of customers, and it'll be late before we can get our selection. Have you got the list? I hope you haven't lost it."

Ephraim waved a sheet of foolscap and sprang to the ground.

"Heer it is, Marse General; buh! I'd ruther lose my haid dan dis yer paper."

"All right; hitch at that post before somebody else gets ahead of you, and bring the list in. You'd better back the wagon up against the sidewalk in front of the door, so we can have the bundles shoved right in. I'm a little afraid that wagon won't begin to hold all we'll get. Put as many of them under the buggy-seat as you can; be careful and see that they are not broken."

•

As the old man crossed the sidewalk and entered the store he walked with a limp, and leaned on his silver-mounted cane. The wound which had produced the limp was received in the Civil War, the cane was a testimonial of the appreciation of comrades in many battles. He threaded his way with difficulty through the squirming mass, now and then raising his cane and signaling to the proprietor, who, at a desk in the centre of the long room, was trying to direct the operations of a score of salesmen, who seemed completely bewildered by the unusual demand on their energies.

It was not until he stood at the desk that the storekeeper was aware of his presence.

"Howdy do, Tranksly," exclaimed the old soldier cordially. "I don't come in to see you often, but I never fail on Christmas. There is nothing I enjoy so much as playing Santa Claus for my negroes."

•

"I understand that, General," said the storekeeper; "they seem to count on you just about as they did when they belonged to you."

A close observer might have questioned the cordiality of Tranksly's tone, and there was certainly a shifting expression of annoyance in his eyes.

"I don't want to get ahead of any one," said the General; "but we've got three miles to drive, and if you could get somebody to fill my order right away I'd take it as a favor. We are going to have a big blow-out on the plantation. Last year Preston's negroes burned more powder than my folks did, and this year we want to steal a march on 'em and wake up the whole neighborhood at daylight in the morning. I have found an old cannon in my barn-loft and half a dozen rusty, kicking muskets, and we're going to show them a thing or two. I've got two kegs of powder on the list. I hope your stock isn't low."

"We've got plenty of powder," answered the storekeeper slowly, as he bent nervously over his ledger, and when he looked up again his face was set, as if he had determined upon an unpleasant task.

"General," he said, "I must have a—a little private talk with you."

"Very well," answered the General wonderingly, and he followed Tranksly into a little room in the rear of the store.

"I wanted to ask if you intended to—to pay cash for your order," said the storekeeper, looking past the General back into the maze of customers in the store.

•

The ex-soldier stared stolidly at him. "What do you mean by asking such a question?" he demanded sharply. "Haven't you supplied me for the last ten years on credit, and haven't I paid you every dollar I owe you up to date?"

"You have," replied Tranksly; "but my partner and I have had a talk, and, under the circumstances, we can't open your account for next year."

General Congreve turned white; his hands quivered as he stroked his long gray beard.

"This is unexpected, Tranksly," he said. "I never dreamed that my credit had gone. I reckon you have good reasons for your decision. Good-day. I'm glad I don't owe you any money. I couldn't sleep a wink if I did."

"I hope you won't think it is any personal matter——" began the storekeeper, but the General, erect as if on parade, was proudly stalking away from him.

•

At the door he met Ephraim impatiently fumbling the list in his scrawny fingers.

"Put it away," commanded his master. "Drive home, and put up the wagon and mules. Tranksly has refused to supply me, and I wouldn't go to any one else without the ready money. You all must do without your Christmas this year."

"You don't mean dat, Marse General," exclaimed the negro; "you jokin' wid me."

"No, I am perfectly serious,—wish to God I were not."

"Ain't you gwine ter git no powder, nuther, Marse General?"

"No; drive home, I tell you."

The General, much to the surprise of the wide-eyed small boy,

"I WANTED TO ASK IF YOU INTENDED TO—TO PAY CASH FOR YOUR ORDER"

got into the buggy and drove hastily down the street to the office of his lawyer. He found Mr. Ashley in the little library, in the rear of the reception-room, busily writing at a desk near a smoky wood-fire.

"Ah, it's you, General!" he exclaimed as he bent to the hearth and sprinkled some hot ashes over the page he had just written. "I have just got back from your house; your wife told me I'd find you in town doing your Christmas trading; I was going to look for you in a minute,—as soon as I sent this letter off to be mailed."

The General sank into a chair; he had hardly heard the words just spoken.

"Ashley, Tranksly has refused to supply me. I settled my account in full a week ago, and yet he flatly declares he will not open with me again. It has completely undone me,—knocked me off my feet. I can't make it out. I thought you might explain it."

•

The lawyer folded his letter and thrust it into a big yellow envelope. "If I could have seen you in time I'd have saved you the embarrassment of his refusal," he said. "General, you've had the worst sort of luck, and you must make up your mind to meet a stunning blow. You've been borrowing money from an unprincipled scamp. In taking that mortgage on your plantation, Armstrong has had no other intention all along than eventually running you in a tight place and thereby securing the property for himself. He has always wanted it."

"Then, you think he intends to foreclose?"

"Right off, unless the money is paid. I knew you could not raise it, and I have tried everywhere in your behalf, but money is not to be obtained. Armstrong knows that, and you know how he loves to boast; well, he has been talking a good deal to-day,—it's all over town,—and that is why Tranksly refused to credit you."

"I see," said the General. His face was deathly pale. He folded his hands over the end of his cane and leaned forward. Silence fell on the room. Outside some little colored boys were beating new drums in a doleful accompaniment to a spirited air on a harmonica. The church bell with the wreath about its dial began to ring merrily as a needless reminder of the Christmas tree and supper that was to be given a few hours later.

•

The lawyer struck the desk with his fist. "If I could raise the money for you, General, I'd do it," he said fiercely. "I'd like to be able to do that for a man who fought as you did, sir."

"Thank you, Ashley, but I am already in your debt for advice."

The General was silent for a moment, then he laughed harshly. "It is queer, but right on the eve of my losing the home of my ancestors I am only conscious of being unable to let my negroes have their usual Christmas display. I can't bear to face them."

"That is because you think of others before yourself," replied the lawyer. "You have always been too easy on your dependents. General, you never were strict enough with them. When you had Big Joe for overseer you made ends meet. The beginning of your failure dates from the day you let him go."

"I don't doubt it," said the General sadly. "He was the best negro that ever lived; he could get twice as much labor out of my hands as I could. I knew I was doing myself an injury when I sent him off, but he deserved a chance to manage for himself. I believed that if he were free and worked for himself he'd make money and marry and settle down."

"Make money, I say," sneered Ashley. "He invested the five hundred dollars you gave him in a poor farm out west; he has never married, and told me, to-day, that he was going back to you."

"Is he here?" exclaimed the General.

"He came in on a morning train to be with your folks on Christmas. He's looking well and had on a good suit of clothes. I met him on the way to your place, and we stopped and had a little talk about old times."

"Did you mention my—trouble?" questioned the General.

"Yes; I knew you used to confide in him."

"I reckon he hated to hear of it." The General rose with a deep sigh. "I'll drive out and face the music. It's going to be hard to break the news to Emma."

"Your wife knows it already. She seemed to suspect that I wanted to see you on important business, and she followed me out to my horse and wormed it out of me."

•

The trees which clustered about the old mansion were bereft of foliage. The brown curled leaves lay in restless, wind-blown heaps under the long rows of rose bushes and against the crumbling stone wall. The house, built partly of brick and partly of stone, was Elizabethan in architecture, and was planned by General Congreve's great-grandfather as an exact copy of the family seat in England.

"Put up the horse and buggy," the General said to the silent, wide-eyed boy as he alighted at the quaint walled porch, and there was a touch of despair in his tone. "Santa is going to give us the slip to-night."

Alfred said nothing, but drove toward the barnyard with a strange expression on his swarthy visage. It was as if he doubted the seriousness of his oracle of all that was good. For a moment he tried to make himself believe that his master was joking, that he was paving the way to a great Christmas surprise with stones of temporary disappointment, but the memory of that new look on the General's face drove the hope entirely from his breast and left him despondent.

•

Mrs. Congreve met her husband at the door. Her eyes showed a slight redness. She took his hat and cane.

"Don't worry; it can't be avoided," she said huskily. "Do be strong and don't break down."

"I'll do the best I can, Emma," he said, as he entered the old-fashioned library. "I'm thinking more about the disappointment of the negroes than anything else. I suppose I don't realize the other."

"I feel sorry for them, too," returned Mrs. Congreve. "You had hardly got out of sight before all of them, young and old, began to put up the Christmas tree in the dining-room. They've decorated the walls, and placed candles and Jack-o'-lanterns everywhere. They kept up an awful uproar, singing and shouting."

"Do they know I didn't succeed in getting the things?" questioned the General.

"Yes; they ran down to meet the wagon like a drove of sheep. From the porch I could see that something was wrong, for they stood around Ephraim for half an hour, and then they all went back to their cabins."

"I went to Mr. Ashley. We waked up a banker, an' went an' paid Marse Armstrong, an' got de receipt"

"You knew what it meant yourself, dear?"

"I guessed it easily enough; Mr. Ashley had just left me."

"Did you know that Big Joe was back?" asked the General.

"Yes; he came just before the wagon. He helped arrange the Christmas tree. They all went nearly wild over him. The men raised him on their shoulders and walked round the barn with him,—laughing and cheering."

•

Side by side the old couple crossed the back porch and went into the dining-room. In its centre stood a massive cedar tree, the branches of which held many candles. On the walls and over the tops of the windows were beautiful festoons and wreaths of wild evergreens. Here and there protruded the awful face of a pumpkin Jack-o'-lantern. With a deep sigh the General turned to a window and looked out on a row of cabins in the rear of the house.

"Not a soul in sight," he muttered. "Each family is trying to console itself alone. Hang me if I don't believe they've let their fires go out! Do you see any smoke coming out of the chimneys?"

"It's not a cold day," replied Mrs. Congreve. "Dear, you are worrying unnecessarily; come back into the library."

"I wonder where Joe is," remarked the General, as he allowed his wife to lead him away from the window. "He's treating me peculiarly. This may have disappointed him so much that he doesn't care whether he shakes hands with me or not."

"He'll come in after a while," replied Mrs. Congreve. "You know how modest he is."

But supper time passed and Joe failed to come. About bedtime the General's impatience got the best of him. He rose and went out in the entry. The door of Aunt Hallie's cabin was open; the red firelight shone far out on the lawn. She was a widow with six little children. The General could see her putting them to bed. He saw half a dozen stockings of different sizes hanging across the capacious fireplace.

"Aunt Hallie," he called out, as she appeared in the doorway; "come here."

She recognized his voice and approached; being very fat, she waddled like a duck.

"You want me, Marse General?" she asked, staring at him through the darkness as if surprised at being called by him.

"Yes; where is Big Joe?"

"He's gone back to town, Marster; him an' Ephraim went off 'bout a hour ago."

•

The General bit his lip, but he concealed his disappointment from her.

"I see your children have hung up their stockings," he said. "Are you going to put anything in them?"

"I hain't got a blessed thing, Marse General; when dey heerd 'bout de Chris'mus tree done bust up dey cried a lot, an' den dey said dey wus a-goin' to resk it wid de stockin's. Dey said maybe Santa Claus might have some tricks lef' after he done fill de Chris'mus tree at de Preston plantation."

"I'm mighty sorry about this trouble, Aunt Hallie," said the General, sadly.

"I know dat, Marse General," responded the woman, and he left her where she stood.

The night dragged slowly by. The General slept little. Being awake about two hours before dawn, he could not go to sleep again, but lay waiting for the guns on the Preston plantation to announce the dawn of the holiday. It had been almost with a touch of his old war feeling that he had anticipated the firing of his cannon, and the surprise and envy that its thunderous voice would awake in the minds of his neighbors who did not know of the existence of such a relic in the vicinity.

Then the General thought he detected the soft tread of feet in the dining-room, and later the sound of low, cautious voices came from the lawn near the side of the house. He rose, dressed himself, and went out into the entry. He was just in time to see two indistinct forms gliding into the dining-room, through the windows of which pencils of light were streaming.

"Thieves," thought the old soldier, and he was on the point of retreating to his bedroom for his revolver, when he recognized Ephraim's laugh, and saw the negro emerge from the dining-room and bend over something which resembled a log of wood on the ground.

"I got de match raidy, Big Joe; you give de wud an' I'll wake up ev'ry blessed soul."

•

Then the General heard a voice he had missed for several years; it came from the dining-room.

"Hol' on, Eph; one o' dese fool wax dolls is fell off de Chris'mus tree; we mus' have it all in good shape 'fore we make a soun'. He, he! I wonder what Marse General gwine ter say."

Softly, so as not to be heard by the negro at the cannon, General Congreve tiptoed across the entry and went into the dining-room. Big Joe was standing on a chair, his head among the heavily laden branches of the tree. He was too busy to note the approach of the old man, and it was not until he heard the General's voice that he turned his head.

"Joe, what in thunder does this mean?"

"Oh, my Lawd! Is dat you, Marse General?" Joe stared at the General in a bewildered way for a moment, and then he stepped sheepishly down to the floor.

•

The old soldier held out his hand and grasped the reluctant one of the surprised negro.

"I am mighty glad to see you home again, Joe, but I can't understand this proceeding. What does it mean?"

"I 'lowed I'd give 'em all their Chris'mus, Marse General; Ephraim tol' me 'bout de trouble you had, an' I made 'im hitch up an' drive back las' night. He had de list you made out, an' I bought everything you had down on it."

"You bought them with your own money?" cried the General. "Joe, I don't like this. I know you mean well, but——" The voice of the speaker broke for an instant, then he finished: "You can't afford such expense, Joe."

"Yes, I can, Marse General; I've sol' my farm out, lock, stock an' barrel, an' come back to manage fur you. Now, jes wait, Marse General; Ephraim is raidy to shoot off de cannon an' de muskets, an' I'm powerful afeerd dem Preston niggers will make a racket fus'. Eph——"

He had raised his voice to give the order to fire, but the General laid his hand firmly on his arm and stopped him from doing so.

"Don't do that, Joe," he said softly. "I don't want to spoil your pleasure when you have done all this out of your good heart, but my day is over here at the old place. Armstrong is going to drive us out. As long as you've bought the presents for your old friends, I have no objections to your using the dining-room in the old way, but it would not look well for us to eclipse all our neighbors at such a time as this, Joe."

•

The negro's face changed from eagerness to soft sympathy. He stepped quickly to the door and called out:

"Stay dere, Eph, an' be raidy. I got Marse General in heer an' mus' talk to 'im a little," then to the General: "I hain't tol' you all I done, suh. I'll have to go back a little, an' ef dem Preston niggers git de fus' shot wid dere puny ole guns I can't he'p it. Dat cannon out dere will make up fur los' time. Marse General, dat farm I bought out in Texas wus so pore an' rocky dat everybody said I wus cheated to death. But you done showed me how to buy lan', an' I tuck it kase it wus two miles from a growin' town. Well, suh, I got bad in debt, an' dat's why I had to sen' back to you fur money to buy meat, but all at once dey built anoder railroad town 'bout two miles on de oder side o' me, an' fus' thing I knowed dey run a 'lectric car line right thru my property to jine de two towns, an' I wus fixed. I sol' one ten-acre lot fur five hundred dollars, an' kicked myself fur doin' it in one week, although I had two hundred an' ninety acres jes like 'em lef'. Den a big lan' syndicate wanted to cut my farm up in town lots, an' as I had set dis yer Chris'mus as de one at furdest to come back to you, I let go."

"You don't really mean you got rich, Joe," exclaimed the General.

"By accident, Marse General, dough I neyver could 'a' got along tradin' ef you hadn't learnt me to figger some an' sign my name. It was all kase you wus good to me. But I ain't thru, an' I hope you will let us make a noise when I finish. Late las' night I went to Mr. Ashley an' tol' 'im all I had wus at yo' service to he'p you out o' yo' mortgage. It didn't take much; I never would miss it. We waked up a banker, an' went out on fas' livery stable hosses an' paid Marse Armstrong, an' got de receipt. Dey cayn't run you out now, Marse General."

•

The General was shaking nervously from head to foot with restrained emotion.

"I can't let your money go that way, Joe," he said, clasping the negro's hand, and his eyes filling. "I can't take money from you."

"Huh, it's mo' yo' money dan mine!" declared Big Joe. "When you gi' me de money to buy dat farm you didn't owe me one cent. Huh, you reckon I'm a-gwine to let dat sneakin' white man oust you when I kin he'p it? Not much! Now, Marse General, kin I tell Eph to blaze away?"

Big Joe darted out into the paling gloom without waiting for any answer. The next instant the whole plantation was lighted with a red flash, and the very hills seemed to shake with the report of the cannon. Then five musket shots, one after another, punctured the lingering echoes, and two lusty throats halloed as never had men halloed on that plantation,—even in its brightest days.

"Oh, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Congreve, as she rushed into the General's arms at the door of her bedroom.

"Big Joe has come home rich," laughed the General. "He has saved the plantation and loaded the Christmas tree till every limb is bent down." The General drew his speechless wife to a window, and they saw the cabin doors open and the astonished negroes rush toward the open door of the dining-room. Later the old pair went in and saw Big Joe, mounted on a table, handing down the presents, and reading off the names of the happy recipients.

"The most wonderful negro that ever lived," said the General; and then he continued musingly,—for sometimes, in moments of great mental exaltation, he forgot that there ever had been a war of liberation,—"I wouldn't take $5000 for him."

* * * * * * * * *

THE MARKET-PLACE

By

HAROLD FREDERIC

with Pictures by Harrison Fisher

Chapter IV

ON CHARING CROSS STATION, the next afternoon, Mr. Thorpe discovered by the big clock overhead that he had arrived fully ten minutes too soon. This deviation from his deeply rooted habit of catching trains at the last possible moment did not take him by surprise. He smiled dryly, and nodded to the illuminated dial, as if they shared the secret of some quaint novelty. This getting to the station ahead of time was of a piece with what had been happening all day,—merely one more token of the general upheaval in the routine of his life. From early morning he had been acutely conscious of the feeling that his old manners and usages and methods of thought,—the thousand familiar things that made up the Thorpe he had been,—were becoming strange to him. They fitted him no longer; they began to fall away from him.

Now, as he stood here on the bustling platform, it was as if they had all disappeared,—been left somewhere behind him outside the station. With the two large bags which the porter was looking after,—both of a quite disconcerting freshness of aspect,—and the new overcoat and shining hat, he seemed to himself a new kind of being, embarked upon a voyage of discovery into the unknown.

•

Even his face was new. A sudden and irresistible impulse had led him to the barber-shop in his hotel at the outset; he could not wait till after breakfast to have his beard removed. The result, when he beheld it in the mirror, had not been altogether reassuring. The overlong, thin, tawny mustache which survived the razor assumed an undue prominence; the jaw and chin, revealed now for the first time in perhaps a dozen years, seemed of a sickly color, and, in some inexplicable way, misshapen.

Many times during the day, at his office, at the restaurant where he lunched, at various outfitters' shops which he had visited, he had pursued the task of getting reconciled to this novel visage in the looking-glass. The little mirrors in the hansom cabs had helped him most in this endeavor. Each returned to him an image so different from all the others,—some cadaverous, some bloated, but each with a spontaneous distortion of its own,—that it had become possible for him to strike an average tolerable to himself, and to believe in it.

His sister had recognized him upon the instant, when he entered the old book shop to get the money promised over night, but in the city his own clerks had not known him at first. There was in this an implication that he had not so much changed his appearance as revived his youth. The consciousness that he was still in reality a young man spread over his mind afresh, and he felt that it was effacing all earlier impressions.

•

Why, when he thought of it, the delight he had had during the day in buying new shirts and handkerchiefs and embroidered braces, in looking over the various stocks of razors, toilet articles, studs and sleeve-links, and the like, and telling the gratified tradesmen to give him the best of everything,—this delight had been distinctively boyish. He doubted, indeed, if any mere youth could have risen to the heights of tender satisfaction from which he reflected upon the contents of his portmanteaus. To apprehend their full value, one must have been without them for such a weary time!

He had this wonderful advantage,—that he supplemented the fresh-hearted joy of the youth in nice things, with the adult man's knowledge of how bald existence could be without them. It was worth having lived all those forty obscure and mostly unpleasant years for this one privilege now of being able to appreciate to the uttermost the touch of double-silk underwear.

It was an undoubted pity that there had not been time to go to a good tailor. The suit he had on was right enough for ordinary purposes, and his evening clothes were as good as new, but the thought of a costume for shooting harassed his mind. He had brought along with him, for this eventful visit, an old Mexican outfit of yellowish-gray cloth and leather, much the worse for rough wear, but saved from the disreputable by its suggestion of picturesque experiences in a strange and romantic country. At least, it had seemed to him, in the morning, when he had packed it, to be secure in this salvation. Uneasy doubts on the subject had soon risen, however, and they had increased in volume and poignancy as his conceptions of a wardrobe expanded in the course of the day's investigations and purchases. He had reached the point now of hoping that it would rain bitterly on the morrow.

It was doubly important to keep a close look-out for Lord Plowden, since he did not know the name of the station they were to book for, and time was getting short. He dwelt with some annoyance upon his oversight in this matter, as his watchful glance ranged from one entrance to another. He would have liked to buy the tickets himself, and have everything in readiness on the arrival of his host. As it was, he could not even tell the porter how his luggage was to be labeled,—and there was now less than two minutes.

•

He moved forward briskly, with the thought of intercepting his friend at the front of the station; then halted, and went back, upon the recollection that while he was going out one way Plowden might come in by the other. The seconds, as they passed now, became severally painful to his nerves. The ringing of a bell somewhere beyond the barrier provoked within him an impulse to tearful profanity. Then suddenly everything was all right. A smooth-faced, civilly spoken young man came up, touched his hat, and asked: "Will you kindly show me which is your luggage, sir?"

Thorpe, even while wondering what business of his it was, indicated the glaringly new bags, and then only half repressed a cry of pleasure at discovering that Lord Plowden stood beside him.

"It's all right; my man will look out for your things," said the latter, as they shook hands. "We will go and get our places."

The fat policeman at the gate touched his helmet. A lean, elderly man in a sort of guard's uniform hobbled obsequiously before them down the platform, opened to them a first-class compartment with a low bow and a deprecatory wave of the hand, and then impressively locked the door upon them. "The engine will be the other way, my Lord, after you leave Cannon Street," he remarked through the open window, with earnest deference. "Are there any of your bags that you would like to have in the compartment with you?"

•

Plowden had nodded to the first remark. He shook his head at the second. The elderly man at this, with still another bow, flapped out a green flag which he had been holding furled behind his back, and extended it at arm's length. The train began slowly to move. Mr. Thorpe reflected to himself that the peerage was by no means so played-out an institution as some people imagined.

"Ho-ho!" The younger man sighed a yawn, as he tossed his hat into the rack above his head. "We shall both be the better for some pure air. London quite does me up. And you,—you've been sticking at it months on end, haven't you? You look rather fagged,—or, at all events, you did yesterday. You've smartened yourself so,—without your beard,—that I can't say I'd notice it to-day. But I take it every sensible person is glad to get away from London."

"Except for an odd Sunday, now and then, I haven't put my nose outside London since I landed here." Thorpe rose as he spoke, to deposit his hat also in the rack. He noted with a kind of chagrin that his companion's was an ordinary low black bowler. "I can tell you, I shall be glad of the change. I would have bought the tickets," he went on, giving words at random to the thought which he found fixed on the surface of his mind, "if I'd only known what our station was."

Plowden waved his hand, and the gesture seemed to dismiss the subject. He took a cigar case from his pocket, and offered it to Thorpe.

•

"It was lucky, my not missing the train altogether," he said, as they lighted their cigars. "I was up late last night, turned out late this morning, been late all day,—somehow, couldn't catch up with the clock for the life of me. Your statement to me last night,—you know it rather upset me."

The other smiled. "Well, I guess I know something about that feeling myself. Why, I've been buzzing about to-day like a hen with her head cut off. But it's fun, though, ain't it, eh? Just to happen to remember every once in a while, you know, that it's all true! But of course it means a thousand times more to me than it does to you."

The train had come to a stop inside the gloomy, domed cavern of Cannon Street. Many men in silk hats crowded to and fro on the platform, and a number of them shook the handle of the locked door. Mr. Thorpe could not quite restrain the impulse to grin at them.

"Ah, that's where you mistake," said Plowden, contemplating the mouthful of smoke he slowly blew forth. "My dear man, you can't imagine anybody to whom it would mean more than it does to me,—I hope none of those fellows have a key. They're an awful bore on this train. I almost never go by it for that reason. Ah, we're off! But, as I was saying, this thing makes a greater difference to me than you can think of. I couldn't sleep last night,—I give you my word,—the thing seemed to upset me completely. I take it you—you have never had much money before,—that is, you know from experience what poverty really is?"

Thorpe nodded with eloquent gravity.

He seemed to himself a new kind of being, embarked upon a voyage of discovery into the unknown

"Well, but you,"—the other began, and then paused. "What I mean is," he resumed, "you were never, at any rate, responsible to anybody but yourself. If you had only a sovereign a day, or a sovereign a week, for that matter, you could accommodate yourself to the requirements of the situation. I don't mean that you would enjoy it any more than I should,—but at least it was open to you to do it, without attracting much attention. But with me, placed in my ridiculous position, poverty has been the most unbearable torture one can imagine.

•

"You see, there is no way in which I can earn a penny. I had to leave the Army when I was twenty-three. The other fellows all had plenty of money to spend, and it was impossible for me to drag along with a title and an empty pocket. I dare say that I ought to have stuck to it, because it isn't nearly so bad now, but twelve years ago it was too cruel for any youngster who had any pride about him; and, of course, my father having made rather a name in the Army, that made it so much harder for me.

"And after that, what was there? Of course, the bar and medicine and engineering, and those things were out of the question, in those days at least. The Church? That was more so still. I had a try at politics, but you need money there as much as anywhere else,—money or big family connections. I voted in practically every division for four years, and I made the rottenest speeches you ever heard of at Primrose League meetings in small places, and after all that the best thing the whips could offer me was a billet in India at four hundred a year, and even that you took in depreciated rupees. When I tried to talk about something at home, they practically laughed in my face. I had no leverage upon them whatever. They didn't care in the least whether I came up and voted or stopped at home. Their majority was ten to one just the same,—yes, twenty to one. So that the door was shut in my face. I've never been inside the House since, except once to show it to an American lady last summer, but when I do go again I rather fancy,"—he stopped for an instant, and nodded his handsome head significantly,—"I rather fancy I shall turn up on the other side."

"I'm a Liberal myself, in English politics," interposed Thorpe earnestly.

The little mirrors in the hansom cabs had helped him most

Plowden seemed not to perceive the connection. They had left London Bridge behind, and he put his feet upon the cushions, and leaned back comfortably. "Of course, there was the city," he went on, speaking diagonally across to his companion, between leisurely intervals of absorption in his cigar. "There have been some directors' fees, no doubt, and once or twice I've come very near to what promised to be a big thing, but I never quite pulled it off. Really, without capital, what can one do? I'm curious to know,—did you bring much ready money with you to England?"

"Between six and seven thousand pounds."

"And if it's a fair question, how much of it have you got left at present?"

•

Thorpe had some momentary doubts as to whether this was a fair question, but he smothered them under the smile with which he felt impelled to answer the twinkle in Plowden's eyes. "Oh, less than a hundred," he said, and laughed aloud.

Plowden also laughed. "By George, that's fine!" he cried. "It's splendid. There's drama in it. I felt it was like that, you know. Something told me it was your last cartridge that rang the bell. It was that that made me come to you as I did, and tell you that you were a great man, and that I wanted to enlist under you. Ah, that kind of courage is so rare! When a man has it, he can stand the world on its head."

"But I was plumb scared all the while, myself," Thorpe protested genially. "Courage? I could feel it running out of my boots."

"Ah, yes; but that's the great thing," insisted the other. "You didn't look as if you were frightened. From all one could see, your nerve was sublime. And nothing else matters,—it was really sublime."

•

"Curious,—that thing happened to me once before," commented Thorpe, with ruminating slowness. "It was out on the plains, years ago, and I was in pretty hard luck, and was making my way alone from Tucson north, and some cowboys held me up, and were going to make kindling-wood of me, they being under the impression that I was a horse thief they were looking after. There were five or six minutes there when my life wasn't worth a last year's bird's nest, and I tell you, sir, I was the scaredest man that ever drew the breath of life. And then something happened to be said that put the matter right,—they saw I was the wrong man, and then,—why, then they couldn't be polite enough to me. But what I was speaking of,—do you know, those fellows got a tremendous notion of my nerve. It wasn't so much that they told me so, but they told others about it. They really thought I was game to the core, when in reality, as I tell you, I was in the deadliest funk you ever heard of."

"That's just it," said Plowden; "the part of you that was engaged in making mental notes of the occasion thought you were frightened, we will say that it was itself frightened. But the other part of you,—the part that was transacting business, so to speak,—that wasn't in the least alarmed. I fancy all born commanders are built like that. Did you ever see General Grant?"

Thorpe shook his head regretfully.

•

"That reminded me of him. There is an account in his Memoirs of how he felt when he first was given a command, at the beginning of the Civil War. He was looking about for the enemy, who was known to be in the vicinity, and the nearer he got to where this enemy probably was, the more he got timid and unnerved, he says, until it seemed as if cowardice were getting complete mastery of him. And then suddenly it occurred to him that very likely the enemy was just as afraid of him as he was of the enemy, and that moment his bravery all returned to him. He went in and gave the other man a terrible thrashing. It doesn't apply to your case, particularly, but I fancy that all really brave men have those inner convictions of weakness, even while they are behaving like lions. Those must have been extraordinarily interesting experiences of yours,—on the plains. I wish I could have seen something of that part of America when I was there last year. Unfortunately, it didn't come my way, and I missed it."

"I thought I remembered your saying you'd been West," said Thorpe.

Plowden smiled. "I'm afraid I did think it was West at the time. But since my return I've been warned that I mustn't call Chicago West. That was as far as I went. I had some business there, or thought I had. When my father died (that was in 1884) we found among his papers a lot of bonds of some corporation purporting to be chartered by the State of Illinois. Our solicitors wrote several letters, at different times, but they could find out nothing about them, and there the matter rested.

"Finally, last year, when I decided to make the trip, I recollected these old bonds, and took them with me. I thought they might at least pay my expenses. But it wasn't the least good. Nobody knew anything about them. It seems they related to something that was burned up in the Great Fire,—either that, or had disappeared before that time. That fire seems to have operated like the Deluge,—it canceled everything that had happened previously. My unhappy father had a genius for that kind of investment. I shall have great pleasure in showing you, to-morrow, a very picturesque and comprehensive collection of Confederate bonds. Their face value is, as I remember it, $80,000,—that is, £16,000. I would entertain with joy an offer of sixteen shillings for the lot. My dear father bought them,—I should not be surprised to learn that he bought them at a premium. If they ever touched a premium for a day, that is certainly the day that he would have hit upon to buy. Oh, it was too rare! Too inspired!

"He left nearly a hundred thousand pounds' worth of paper,—that is, on its face,—upon which the solicitors realized, I think it was, £1300. It's hard to imagine how he got them, but there were actually bonds among them issued by Kossuth's Hungarian Republic in 1848. Well, now you can see the kind of inheritance I came into, and I have a brother and sister more or less to look after, too."

•

Thorpe had been listening to these details with an almost exaggerated expression of sympathy upon his face. The voice in which he spoke now betrayed, however, a certain note of incredulity.

"Yes, I see that well enough," he remarked. "But what I don't perhaps quite understand,—well, this is it. You have this place of yours in the country, and preserve game and so on, but of course I see what you mean. It's what you've been saying. What another man would think a comfortable living is poverty to a man in your position."

"Oh, the place," said Plowden. "It isn't mine at all. I could never have kept it up. It belongs to my mother. It was her father's place; it has been in their family for hundreds of years. Her father, I dare say you know, was the last Earl of Hever. The title died with him. He left three daughters, who inherited his estates, and my mother, being the eldest, got the Kentish properties. Of course, Hadlow House will come to me eventually, but it is hers during her lifetime. I may speak of it as my place, but that is merely a *façon de parler;* it isn't necessary to explain to everybody that it's my mother's. It's my home, and that's enough. It's a dear old place. I can't tell you how glad I am that you're going to see it."

•

"I'm very glad, too," said the other with unaffected sincerity.

"All the ambitions I have in the world," the nobleman went on, sitting upright now, and speaking with a confidential seriousness, "centre round Hadlow. That is the part of me that I'm keen about. The Plowdens are things of yesterday. My grandfather, the Chancellor, began in a very small way, and was never anything more than a clever lawyer, with a loud voice and a hard heart, and a talent for money-making and politics. He got a peerage, and he left a fortune. My father, for all he was a soldier, had a mild voice and a soft heart. He gave a certain military distinction to the peerage, but he played the deuce with the fortune.

•

"And then I come; I can't be either a Chancellor or a General, and I haven't a penny to bless myself with. You can't think of a more idiotic box for a man to be in. But now, thanks to you, there comes this prospect of an immense change. If I have money at my back, at once everything is different with me. People will remember then promptly enough that I am a Hadlow, as well as a Plowden. I will make the party whips remember it, too. It won't be a Secretary's billet in India at four hundred a year that they'll offer me, but a Governorship at six thousand,—that is, if I wish to leave England at all. And we'll see which set of whips are to have the honor of offering me anything. But all that is in the air. It's enough, for the moment, to realize that things have really come my way. And about that,—about the success of the affair,—I suppose there can be no question whatever?"

"Not the slightest," Thorpe assured him. "Rubber Consols can go up to any figure we choose to name."

Lord Plowden proffered the cigar case again, and once more helped himself after he had given his companion a light. Then he threw himself back against the cushions, with a long sigh of content. "I'm not going to say another word about myself," he announced pleasantly. "I've had more than my legitimate innings. You mustn't think that I forget for a moment the reverse of the medal. You're doing wonderful things for me. I only wish it were clearer to me what the wonderful things are that I can do for you."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the other cordially, though rather vaguely.

•

"Perhaps it's a little early for you to have mapped out in your mind just what you want to do," Plowden reflected aloud. "Of course, it has come suddenly upon you, just as it has upon me. There are things in plenty that we've dreamed of doing while the power to do them was a long way off. It doesn't at all follow that these are the things we shall proceed to do when the power is actually in our hands. But have you any plans at all? Do you fancy going into Parliament, for example?"

"Yes," answered Thorpe meditatively. "I think I should like to go into Parliament. But that would be some way ahead. I guess I've got my plans worked out a trifle more than you think. They may not be very definite, as regards details, but their main direction I know well enough. I'm going to be an English country gentleman."

Lord Plowden visibly winced a little at this announcement. He seemed annoyed at the consciousness that he had done so, turning abruptly first to stare out of the window, then shifting his position on the seat, and at last stealing an uneasy glance toward his companion. Apparently his tongue was at a loss for an appropriate comment.

Thorpe had lost none of these unwilling tokens of embarrassment. Plowden saw that at once, but it relieved even more than it surprised him to see also that Thorpe appeared not to mind. The older man, indeed, smiled in good-natured, if somewhat ironical, comprehension of the dumb show.

"Oh, that'll be all right, too," he said, with the evident intention of reassurance. "I can do it right enough, so far as the big things are concerned. It'll be in the little things that I'll want some steering."

•

"I've already told you you may command me to the utmost of my power," the other declared. Upon reflection, he was disposed to be ashamed of himself. His nerves and facial muscles had been guilty of an unpardonable lapse into snobbishness, and toward a man, too, who had been capable of behavior more distinguished in its courtesy and generosity than any he had encountered in all the "upper circles" put together. He recalled all at once, moreover, that Thorpe's "h's" were perfect,—and, for some occult reason, this completed his confusion.

"My dear fellow," he began again, confronting with verbal awkwardness the other's quizzical smile, "don't think I doubt anything about you. I know well enough that you can do anything,—be anything you like."

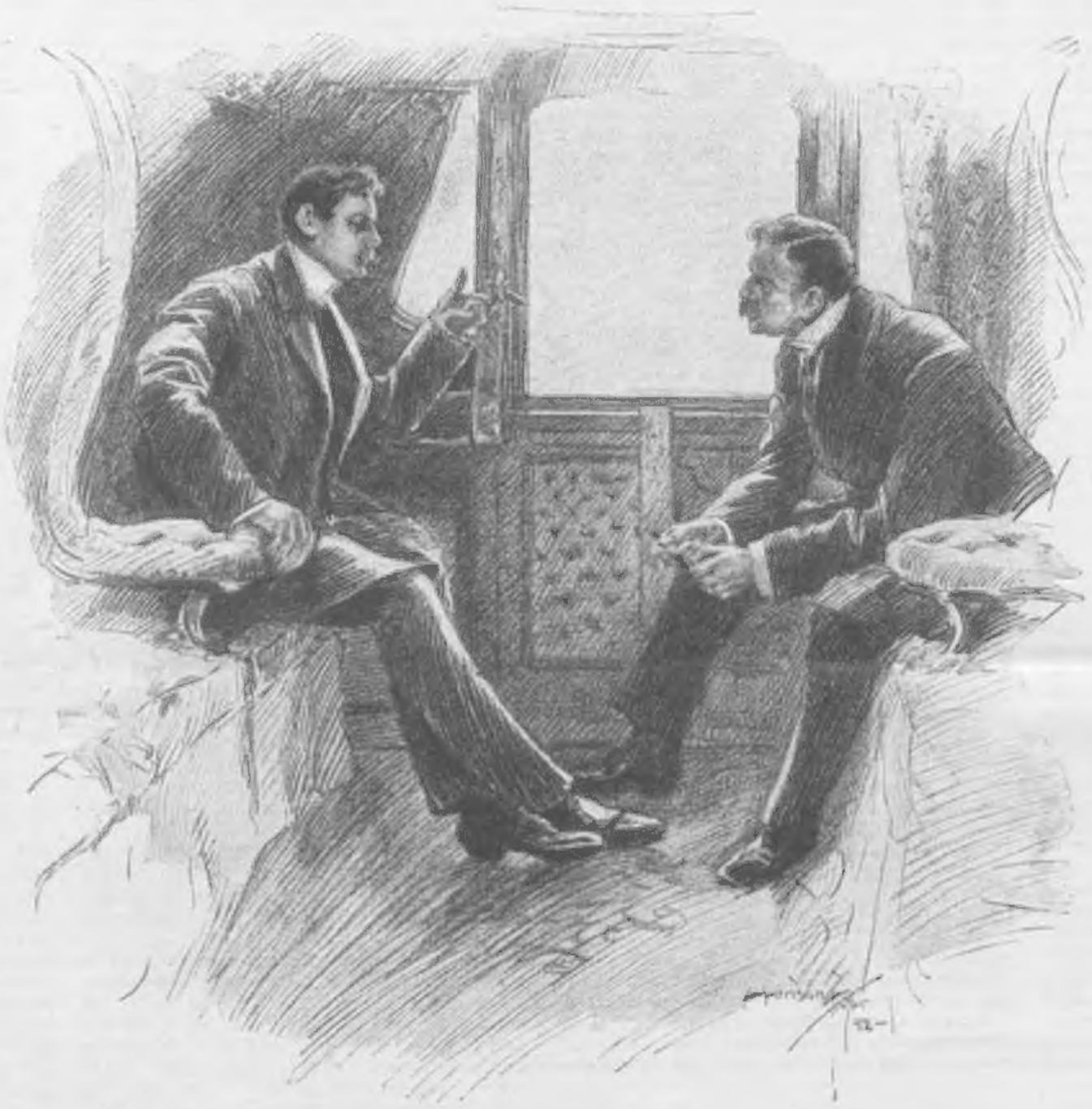
Thorpe laughed softly. "I don't think you know, though, that I'm a public-school man," he said.

Plowden lifted his brows in unfeigned surprise. "No, I didn't know that," he admitted frankly.

"Yes; I'm a Paul's Pigeon," Thorpe went on, "as they called them in my day. That's gone out now, I'm told, since they've moved to the big buildings in Hammersmith. I did very well at school, too; came out in the first fourteen. But my father wouldn't carry the thing any further. He insisted on my going into the shop when I left St. Paul's, and learning the book business. He had precisely the same kind of dynastic idea, you know, that you fellows have. His father and his grandfather had been booksellers, and he was going to hand on the tradition to me. And he thought that Paul's would help this, but that Oxford would kill it.

•

"Of course, he was right there, but he was wrong in supposing there was a bookseller in me. I liked the books well enough, mind you, but the people that came to buy,—I couldn't stand them. You stood two hours watching to see that men didn't put volumes in their pockets, and at the end of that time you'd made a profit of ninepence. While you were doing up the parcel some fellow walked off with a book worth eighteen pence. It was too slow for me. I didn't hit it off with the old man, either. We didn't precisely quarrel, but I went off on my own hook. I



"RUBBER CONSOLS CAN GO UP TO ANY FIGURE WE CHOOSE TO NAME"

hung about in London for some years, trying this thing and that. Once I started a book shop of my own, but I did no good here.

"Finally, I turned it up altogether, and went to Australia. That was in 1882. I've been in almost every quarter of the globe since; I've known what it was to be shipwrecked in a monsoon, and I've lain down in a desert not expecting to get up again, with my belt tightened to its last hole for hunger, but I can't remember that I ever wished myself back in my father's book shop."

Plowden's fine eyes sparkled his appreciation of the other's mood. He was silent for a moment, then lifted his head as if something had occurred to him. "You were speaking of the plan that you should succeed to your father's business,—and your son after you,—you're not married, are you?"

Thorpe slowly shook his head.

"Our station is the next," said the younger man. "It's a drive of something under two miles. You'd better light another cigar." He added, as if upon a casual afterthought: "We can both of us think of marrying now."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * * * * * *

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By Anna Farquhar

With Drawings by HENRY HUTT

ELEVENTH CHAPTER

AS THE result of Louise Fremont's exhibition of self-will she was confined to the house for a week with an incipient attack of bronchitis. As for Ol Peckham, he suffered from nothing worse than the soreness of strained muscles.

When Louise awakened to the enormity of her act, measured by its results, she spent many hours berating her conscience for not having interfered with her indiscreet impulse. Poor conscience! How it is lashed for a slip by conscientious people, quite as though it were a thing apart from themselves,—a fine edition of their individuality set on the back shelves of existence as a daily monitor! Conscience is but the result of experience united to a capacity for seeing both sides of a question. Louise Fremont lashed her conscience, permitting herself to go scot free. She remembered nothing distinctly between the moment when she clasped Ol as he leaned over the boat and when she found Melissa undressing her in her own chamber. As in a dream, she saw herself in Doctor Layton's arms, and heard his voice say he would carry her always if she only would allow it; but she believed this was a dream, and tried to brush it away from her brain. Layton went up with the Professor to her room several times, in the capacity of physician, until the cough was checked, but his manner was distinctly professional. In his endeavor to keep it so he exhibited a forbidding bearing which convinced her that by her folly she had lost his respect.

*

When her father first brought him in she tried to apologize for her act, without excusing it in the least. He interrupted her almost brusquely, saying, "Now, Miss Fremont, don't bother about this business. Everybody is liable to be foolish and to do unaccountable things. The business in hand is preventing congestion or hypertrophy of the membrane of the bronchia and larynx. Let us forget the cause until you are strong again. Do you feel as though cold were settling in your eyes?"

"No," she replied, stiffening up at the rebuff. "I am as well as usual, except for this cough."

For the moment he lost sight of the woman in the patient, and it did not occur to him that she might misunderstand his professional manner, which was always distinct and apart from his social ease and charm. Layton was a man who never lost his dignity under any circumstances, but this dignity was divided by two,—a jovial, merry, boyish dignity, resembling his laugh in its attractiveness, and a commanding, serious, imperative dignity; the first native, the second adopted gradually through the many necessities of a medical profession.

*

When hysterical women consulted him, and, as though overcome by his diagnosis, threw themselves into his arms, he knew by experience how to get rid of them as soon as possible, and when more depraved women did the same thing with worse motives he knew how to say, "Madam, this bell at my hand will bring my maid at one touch, and a man servant at two. I protect myself against blackmailing." His sterner side also stood as a support for men and women whose lives his professional opinion blasted, although, in these sad cases, his sympathy could be relied upon, his strength was even more to them because it bore them up and gave them courage.

Everett Layton was not a candidate for canonization. His temptations had been innumerable, and his power of resistance had proved him false many times because he was a man, not a spiritual exemplar; but whatever else he might be, he was a friend to every person who came in his way. It was not only easier for him to love than to hate, but "Love one another" and the Golden Rule constituted the only creed he accepted. But when attending Louise, the Doctor, in attempting to keep himself well in hand, no doubt overdid the professional manner,—at least, she felt that he did; but she was sliding into a condition of indecision where he was concerned which rendered her supersensitive in all her relations with him.

*

After that first attempt, she not only avoided the subject of the accident, but said nothing to him except in reply to his questions. The last time he saw her in her room she was sitting by the window, dressed in a soft white robe, which gave her the peculiarly childish look white clothes always did. Her father said, as he entered with Layton, "She is sitting up, you see, Doctor. May she go downstairs to-morrow when your Uncle Billy comes?"

"So the patient is behaving herself well, is she?" replied Layton, relaxing somewhat in his speech. "I see no reason why she should not go down, provided Melissa keeps up the fire. During this week, and especially since the storm night before last, winter has begun to mutter in the air. I came in now because I am obliged to go to town this afternoon and cannot see you again for several days. I'll be back the last of the week for a few more days of rest before settling down for the winter. When I return I'll expect to see the patient looking brighter. Why so apathetic, Miss Fremont; are you still so weak?"

*

"No," she replied indifferently. "I'm doing very well. The cough is much better. When is Ol coming to see me?"

"He said to tell 'gurl' he never was better in his life, and hoped she was the same. He will come whenever you are able to see him."

"Then will you be kind enough to tell him I wish he would come up to-morrow afternoon?" she asked, without looking at him.

"Certainly I will. There goes Jim Clarke now; I hear him talking. I'll tell him to deliver the message. I'm on my way to Shannock. Excuse me while I call him."

"Please do not trouble about it, Doctor Layton," replied Louise, detaining him by the tone in her voice. "Miss Melissa will send down word. Do not let us detain you one moment longer than is necessary."

He turned back from the door and looked at her silently. He had always taken Charles Dickens as an authority in declaring women to be "rum critters," but just what was the matter with this one he could find no answer to, for he knew he was no worse than he had been before the accident, when she at least treated him civilly.

"Just as you say, Miss Fremont," he replied; "you seem to be in pretty good bodily condition, so I can be of no further use. I will go on up to Shannock and tell Uncle Billy he need feel no alarm. Good-morning. Don't come down, Professor. I am well used to the stairs. Good-by. You must take some comfort now, Professor; your daughter's condition is almost normal."

*

He passed out of the door without glancing at Louise, who, as soon as he was in the hall, said quickly to her father, "Call Doctor Layton back, father. I wish to speak to him."

At the Professor's call Layton returned and stood in the doorway. Louise looked straight at him, penitently, as she said, "Forgive me, will you? You have been so kind."

He replied, "You are much easier to forgive than to understand. Perhaps you can explain at another time. Good-by." He went out and closed the door behind him.

"I did not quite gather the force of those last remarks passed between you and the Doctor, Louie, dear," said her father after he had heard Layton go downstairs.

"They had very little force, father, and were not worth noticing. I think I shall lie down a while, if you will cover me up and go downstairs yourself for a sunning on the porch."

"I fear you might be lonely, Louie. I am so restless while I know you are ill and alone. What a helpless old man I should be without my daughter. The thought of you as you lay like dead in Everett Layton's arms is like a nightmare to me still."

She looked up quickly when he mentioned Layton's arms. After he finished speaking she walked over to where he sat, and pressing his head to her side said, "How much trouble I have caused, father, by my foolish action! They had both warned me many times. I am ashamed of my own weakness. Look at me now and forget that picture. Put me on the bed and I think I will go to sleep. Take your book,—be sure to put on your overcoat and hat; the Doctor said it is growing cold, you know,—and forget all about stupid me while you read. There's a dear, now."

He obeyed her still with reluctance. All during the week he had been miserable out of her sight. Even now, when reassured as to her condition, he did not seem to regain his ordinary nervous strength, unstrung by the shock of his recent alarm.

Professor Fremont looked tired and old as he sat bundled up on the porch a few minutes later, looking off at the ocean and living over the recent danger his daughter had encountered. He also reviewed the scene just passed with Everett Layton, admitting to himself that frequently the two young people perplexed him in their relations to each other.

Even though his living attitude above the things of the earth was high, he could with a bird's-eye view imagine a romantic relation between his daughter and Billy Everett's nephew. The thought was to him so harmonious and fitting that he relished it, but he unwillingly admitted to himself that there seemed to be no indication of such a consummation, because Louise was more distant in her manner with Layton than he had ever seen her with any one, not excepting the Professor with greedy table manners.

*

He pondered upon the rare occurrence of matrimonial affiliations between the young following the wishes of parents; but being a wise as well as a delicate-minded man, he knew that parents can in wisdom only patiently wait upon the impulses of their children where such matters are concerned. Following this thought came a flood of his own youthful remembrances.

During the past month his mind had dwelt continuously upon the wife of his youth, whose memory he idealized into exquisite proportions more satisfying to his nature than the reality would have been. At that moment Melissa Stillman came out on the porch, clothed in a heavy stuff gown, a navy blue calico apron, a red worsted hood on her head, and her smile, of which there was more than usual. "I've jus' been out feedin' them turkeys, Professor," she said, addressing him directly, "an' seein' you settin' here I 'lowed I might's well come an' ask if you's clothed warm 'nough fur such a day, bein's yure daughter ain't able to look after you fur the time bein', an' men folks ain't no 'count nohow tendin' to theirselves."

*

"Thank you, Miss Stillman, you are very thoughtful of my comfort, but I am feeling quite warm. I thank you, though, for your kind consideration," he replied pleasantly.

"There ain't no call fur thanks. It's a real pleasure to 'tend to a man who's as mild-mannered an' lamblike's you be. I ain't used to 'em o' that kind, I ain't. The men folks 'bout Weecapaug, all 'cept Ol Peckham, ha' more minds o' their own than's good fur 'em an' fur their women folks's well."

"Thank you, Miss Stillman," replied he, hardly knowing how to accept her evidently intentional compliment.

*

"I'll jus' set along o' you an' keep you company a minute or two. This be my time fur tadpolin', between chores an' dinner."

"That is right. Rest a while. We rarely see you rest any; you are such a busy person."

DRESSED IN A SOFT WHITE ROBE, WHICH GAVE HER THE PECULIARLY CHILDISH LOOK WHITE CLOTHES ALWAYS DID

"Restin' tires me when it's jus' settin' round. I'd like real well to go 'bout the hul world pleasuring same's you folks does, but the chance ain't fur me, seems like."

"Do you never go away from home on visits?" he asked.

"Sometimes, when I'm asked," she replied, smiling more. "But I ain't been to any distance more'n Shannock in all my days. It'd suited me real well to live in the city an' learn to play the piany,—I'd jus' love to do that, fur I'm crazy 'bout music. My brother's daughter's got a piany an' she plays it lovely. Who's wheels be them I hear? Sure's you're alive, it be Mr. Everett. He ain't been so neighborly in years 's since you folks come."

Melissa started up with a jerk to welcome Mr. Everett, and the Professor breathed freer. He was always nervous in her society. She seemed to him intrusive with no intention of being so, and her physical defects jarred upon his sensibilities.

•

Mr. Everett had come with a purpose. He broke into the subject directly.

"I met Everett on the road and asked him if he did not think Louise was staying down here too late in the season with such a cough. I told him my plan to have you both come over to Shannock right away, if she is able to be moved, and he assured me it was the most brilliant idea I had ever evolved."

Just then Louise's voice was heard calling to them from the window above: "Father, don't I hear Uncle Billy? Have the fire burning, for I am coming down right away."

She joined them in a few moments, and in that congenial conclave it did not take long to decide upon Mr. Everett's hospitable scheme in the affirmative; but they agreed not to make the move until Doctor Layton's return from town, when they could receive his assurance of the safety for Louise in taking the long drive while her cough hung on.

"How can you choose between Ol and me, Louise?" Uncle Billy asked laughingly.

"I have no choice," she answered. "One good thing makes way for another."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"It's a real pleasure to 'tend to a man who's as mild-mannered an' humblike's you be"

• • •

Offering Himself an Inducement

AN IRISHMAN, walking over a wooden bridge, in counting some money accidentally dropped a penny, which rolled down a crack between two of the boards. The Irishman was much put out by his loss, trifling though it was, and continued on his way in no happy mood.

Early the next day a friend, while walking by the spot, discovered the Irishman in the act of deliberately dropping a shilling down the same crack.

The friend was much astonished at what he saw, and inquired his reasons for throwing away money.

"It was this way," said the Hibernian: "It's yisterday I was passin' this way when I lost a penny down that hole. Now, I raisoned that it wasn't worth me while to pull up that boord for a penny; but last night a schame struck me, and I'm dhroppin' down the bob to make it worth me while."

. . . . . .

MRS. BROOKS' TWO RINGS

The Story of Henry's Widow

By KATE WHITING PATCH

I HAD engaged rooms in a fine old family mansion, at Barham, the owner of which, a gentlewoman of reduced fortunes, had reluctantly consented that a boarder should cross her threshold. I was made to feel more like a guest of the house than an objectionable summer boarder. My hostess treated me with that charming oldtime courtesy which, with her, was second nature. At our first meeting her prejudices seemed to vanish. We understood each other at once, and were soon warm friends.

The morning after my arrival I wandered out on the broad veranda to drink in inspiration from the majestic river and the distant mountains. I was delighted with my surroundings. The only dwelling-house in sight was a large, square, brick mansion, just across the broad, shaded street.

"That is the house of Judge Wiswall, one of our most influential citizens, my dear," the voice of my little hostess broke in. "They only reside here during the summer. The Judge owns a large orange plantation in Florida, and they always pass the whole winter there."

At this point in her narrative a tall, graceful girl emerged from the brick house and sauntered down to the gate.

•

"That is the Judge's only daughter," continued the narrator.

"She is strangely beautiful," I ventured to remark.

"Yes," replied the little lady with a faint shadow of criticism in her gentle voice. "She is quite the belle of Barham, but Henry never fancied her."

Henry, be it said, was the son of my hostess. Only the evening before I had learned of his career, from early infancy upward,—and Henry was now twenty-five. I had gazed upon a long line of daguerreotypes, tintypes and photographs, and felt quite well acquainted with the frank-faced young man. Henry was to retrieve the family's fallen fortunes; Henry was to be the prop and sunshine of his mother's declining days; and he had now gone away to a near-by city to lay the foundations for that season of prosperity.

As I glanced across the way, I wondered a little that Henry had ignored this attractive neighbor. She seemed to me a very suitable Princess to rule with him in the promised golden age. But it was very evident that the mother saw no Princess in the future to share with her in her son's affections.

•

"No, Henry hardly knew her, nor cared to, though she lives so near," continued my hostess reflectively. "He never took particular notice of girls. Well, I guess her day is about over; last winter she became engaged to a young Englishman who owns a plantation next to theirs. Nice man, I believe, and good family, but I don't take to foreigners."

I glanced again at the object of our conversation, but she turned away. Her face interested me; she was pale and dark, and with a wonderful dignity for one so young. A few days later I met her in the old street. I wanted to look her in the face, but her strange eyes seemed to forbid.

Her hands were ungloved, and I noticed their exceeding beauty. She wore no rings save an opal of singular brilliancy,—probably her engagement ring.

Some ten days later, my little hostess and I were eating our early dinner in silence, when the tidy maid-of-all-work entered the dining-room.

"Please, ma'am," she began in an excited whisper, "a dispatch; the station-boy just brought it," and she produced the ominous yellow envelope.

My hostess took it with trembling fingers, adjusted her glasses, looked at it a moment, and then opened it timidly. The next instant the yellow paper fluttered to the floor and my friend sank back in her chair, white to the lips.

"What is it?" I cried, hurrying to her side and snatching up the dispatch.

"Henry!" she gasped. "He is very ill—dangerously—I must go at once."

In a moment she was herself, composed, eager to act.

"But you must not go alone," I urged. "It will be dark before you reach town, and you have not been there before. Let me go with you."

"No, no." She waved aside my anxiety with her soft little hand. "I am quite able to go alone. You will oblige me by staying here and looking after the place, my dear."

There was nothing to be gained by further remonstrance, I knew well. I could only aid in her hurried preparations for departure, and, in another hour, she had gone, leaving me in charge of "the place." Her train had hardly left the station when a second dispatch arrived. Henry was dead!

In painful suspense I lived through the two days that went by before the poor little mother returned.

The neighbors had come with their offers to help and their gifts of flowers, and I had made the sombre best room sweet with blossoms. There, at last, they laid Henry.

•

I was astonished when I saw the bereaved mother. There were years of endless sorrow in the depths of her eyes, but there was something beside sorrow in the wonderfully composed face.

"My dear, come with me," she said, and I followed her to her own room. When I had entered she closed the door.

"You know it all," she said quietly; "you know I was too late. But he asked for me, the nurse said,—my poor, lonely boy."

I could not look her in the face, that composure was so fearful. I should have sobbed had I spoken.

"I had to pack his things myself, this morning, for I cannot go back to that room again. In his trunk I found this. I was surprised, my dear."

She took from the bosom of her dress a folded paper and gave it to me.

Imagine my astonishment upon finding in my hand a certificate of the marriage of Henry Brooks and Marion Wiswall. It had been signed by the officiating clergyman and two witnesses, exactly six months previous. A cry of wonder escaped me.

"And you knew nothing of this!" I exclaimed.

"Nothing," she replied. Wounded love battled hard with loyalty and pride in the strained voice.

"But perhaps it is not true," I said impulsively, foolishly.

"Henry never deceived me," she said with an effort. "If it is true, there was some good reason, but——"

"She will know," I said. "You must see her at once."

For the first time in my presence the brave mother faltered. "I cannot see her now; I cannot bear that, my dear."

I put my arm about her and led her to the bed. "Rest here," I said; "you are weary with grief and care. I will see her for you."

•

Then I hurried through the darkened house, out into the cruel sunshine. The maid said Miss Wiswall was at home and would see me presently. I did not wait many moments in the shaded parlor before she entered.

"You do not know me," I said, rising to meet her. "I come to you from Mrs. Brooks, with whom I am spending the summer. You have, of course, heard of her son's death."

"I have heard," she replied quietly. I fancied she was very pale, but her face betrayed nothing.

"Mrs. Brooks is in sore trouble," I continued. "Added to her bereavement, she has received a painful shock; perhaps you may be able to assist her in understanding this," and I placed in her hands the certificate of marriage.

I know I was blunt,—cruel, perhaps, but her coldness prevented my taking any other course. For a full minute there was absolute silence. I fastened my eyes relentlessly upon my victim, but she bore the test well. She did not tremble, she did not change color; she simply sat there, gazing fixedly at the paper in her hands.

The silence was to me unbearable. "Can you tell me nothing?" I cried at length in exasperation. She did not lift her eyes from that fixed gaze, but she said calmly, steadily and unmistakably: "I am Henry Brooks' widow."

At that instant I caught the flash of her wonderful opal. Suddenly a great rage was enkindled within me. I thought of the trusting mother; the son with those firmly closed lips, upon which rested the seal of eternity; of the young Englishman and his hopes; of all the perfidy of this young girl.

•

"How can you explain yourself?" I cried. "Surely Mr. Brooks' mother has a right to know all."

"Mr. Brooks' mother, yes," she replied coldly, and I understood the question was not for me to ask.

She rose, and I had no wish to prolong the visit. "When may I tell Mrs. Brooks you will come to her?" I questioned.

"To-morrow morning."

"Can you not come to-day?"

"Have you no regard for my feelings?" she exclaimed with cold anger in her voice.

I bowed, and left her in silence.

She came as she had promised, pale and stately in her black robe. For half an hour, perhaps, she was alone with Henry's mother. I saw them part at the door of that quiet best room, and there seemed to be a touch of sympathy between them.

"I feel a little better, my dear," said my poor friend, joining me in the dining-room.

"Did she explain?" I asked.

There was a pause while she turned aside for a moment in surprised thought; then slowly she shook her head.

"She really told me nothing, now I come to go over our talk; but somehow my heart is easier."

"But did you not question her?" I asked unguardedly.

"Question her?" and the mother looked up in gentle surprise. "Do you suppose I would seem to doubt my dear son by questioning his wife concerning something which he did not deem best to tell me?"

"Forgive me," I said contritely, but she went on:

"What Marion chooses to confide to me I shall know now. The rest I can wait for until Henry himself may tell me. I can trust him."

I thought of that frank, still face in the darkened room yonder, and I felt that she was right in trusting her dead son.

•

The funeral took place that afternoon. A large number attended. How many came from a sense of mystery and curiosity I would not like to conjecture. The strange story of the secret marriage had gone abroad through the quiet town. The room was fragrant with flowers, and on the marble mantel, in accordance with a time-honored custom of the place, the photographs of the young husband and wife were entwined with ivy leaves. The widow, clad in deepest mourning, sat beside Henry's mother. Her father and mother were among the mourners. A heavy veil covered her pale face, but when she lifted

it for a moment, as she bent over the casket for the last time, the strange, wild beauty of her countenance impressed me more deeply than ever before.

Her left hand was bare, and where the wondrous opal had glowed but yesterday I saw a plain band,—her marriage ring.

•

It was all over. The last hope of an old age of peace and plenty lay buried in the grave of her son. What the brave mother suffered in secret I was not permitted to know. Outwardly, she was still composed, patient, and as gentle as ever.

We were sitting by the window one evening, when I asked a question that had for several days clamored for utterance.

"Mrs. Brooks," I said, "do you really think that woman across the way is your son's widow?"

She started and leaned forward in her chair, the better to see my face in the twilight.

"Why do you ask that, my dear?"

"Because it is all so inexplicable to me. What object could your son have had in keeping this marriage a secret from you? Might he have feared objection on your part in any way whatever?"

•

"Henry knew I never denied him any right thing in all his life."

"Then why this mystery? And, if she were really his wife, why did she not live with him openly and avoid all this secrecy?"

"I do not know, my dear."

"And if she were his wife, how could she dare, while he was still living, to openly engage herself to that Englishman?"

"I cannot say, my dear."

"Mrs. Brooks, I do not believe that girl is your son's widow."

"My dear,"—she paused a minute,—"if it were not so, why should she admit it now? If she had wished always to keep it secret, why should she not keep it now, when Henry is not here to contradict her?"

"Was there anything to be gained by her declaration?" I asked.

"Nothing; she knew that Henry died almost penniless. Besides, she has all the money she needs."

"I should suppose this would put an end to her affair with the Englishman," I added. "Perhaps she wanted the notoriety."

"Why, my dear? That could hardly be pleasing to any one of refined tastes."

"And the marriage certificate, too; we have forgotten that. How should your son have had it if it were not genuine? No motive is discoverable, whichever way we turn."

•

She made no answer at first, but moved uneasily in her chair. Then she laid her hand gently on mine, as though to soften any sting in her reproof.

"Why seek for one, my dear? Do you think it is quite—quite nice for us to be talking so of Henry's widow?"

I could not refrain from clasping those patient, wrinkled hands in mine and kissing them fervently.

"You dear saint," I cried; "forgive me! How you have made me love you for this forbearance!"

She looked up in gentle surprise.

"Why, my dear," she said softly. "How could I do otherwise? It is for Henry's sake."

I saw the young widow once again before leaving Barham. She was just coming from the house as I returned from my daily walk, and she stopped to say a few words to me, although, hitherto, we had instinctively avoided one another. As her hand rested upon the gate, I noticed again the slender wedding ring, and something uncontrollable compelled me to ask an impertinent question.

"What has become of that wonderful opal, Mrs. Brooks? I never saw a more beautiful stone."

She turned and looked me full in the face, surprise stamped upon every feature.

"Opal?" she exclaimed; "I have no opal. I do not care for stones. I wear only my marriage ring."

And she left me intensely wondering which of us could have been dreaming.

•

I returned to the hurry and fret of city life. Occasionally came a sweet, old-fashioned letter from my kind hostess of the summertime. She kept me informed of the happenings of the village and of the monotony of her own life. Henry's wife had gone to Florida, to spend the winter, she said.

The months sped swiftly for me, and one March day I hurried into a glove store on my way uptown to purchase much-needed covering for my ink-stained fingers. As I took the first vacant place at the counter I observed a young woman a short distance from me whose face immediately attracted my notice. Impossible to forget that pale countenance. It was Henry's widow. She was not in mourning, however, but she wore a street costume of warm brown and furs. She was being fitted with white gloves, and her mother was beside her. In a moment I, too, was at her side.

"Mrs. Brooks, how do you do?" I exclaimed, extending my hand. She did not

ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

She pulled the gauntlet from her left hand. On one white finger glowed the wonderful opal

appear to hear me at first, but when I spoke again she turned her head, and I repeated my cordial greeting.

"Pardon me, I think you are mistaken," she said, with no recognition whatever in her face. "My name is not Brooks."

I paused in amazement, not even mumbling an apology; then I asked impetuously, "But you live in Barham, do you not?"

"My home is there, surely," she responded, "but my name is Wiswall, Marion Wiswall," and she colored slightly.

"Shall I try on the other glove, Miss?" asked the saleswoman at this point.

"If you please," and she pulled the gauntlet from her left hand. On one white finger glowed the wonderful opal; the marriage ring had disappeared.

Amazed, forgetting my own errand, I turned into the street once more.

•

A few days later came a distressed little note in the well-known, trembling hand:

> "My dear, can you come to me? I am in great trouble."

It is needless to say that I found my way to Barham that afternoon. My poor old friend greeted me with more anxiety and trouble in her face than I had ever seen there. "Have you heard, my dear?" she began at once. "All the town is in excitement over it. The Wiswalls have returned, some months earlier than usual, and the Englishman is with them. Marion completely ignores the fact that she is Henry's widow. She has left off her mourning, and calls herself by her old name; and she denies that she ever was married. I went to see her, of course, before I knew, and when I spoke of Henry she looked at me as though she did not understand. Her parents refuse to speak on the subject, as they did before, and all the town is in a wonder. Oh, my dear, it seems more than I can bear!"

I could make no reply.

"Not that I cared for her to be his wife," she continued, "but now it puts us in a most unpleasant position. It is a shadow on my dear boy's memory."

•

"But you have the certificate."

"My dear," she replied, "Marion never returned me the certificate, and I felt she had a right to it."

"But why should she deny it now?"

"That is what puzzles me, except that she is to be married to the young Englishman next week."

"But she was perfectly free to marry him as the matter stood. There is no cause for the denial."

"If we could only know," groaned the poor mother; "it would ease my mind so to know the truth."

"Mrs. Brooks," I said after a pause, "I can remember the wording of that certificate as though I had read it only yesterday. The marriage took place in D——, and Mr. Rand was the officiating clergyman."

"Are you sure?" she asked eagerly.

"Sure," I replied, "and I will write at once and ask him to send me a paper, signed by himself and the attending witnesses, which will prove the truth of the statement. I'll mail the letter this afternoon."

Two days later came the reply in a woman's hand. It was a letter from the clergyman's wife,—nay, widow. She informed us briefly that her husband had died a year ago. She had, however, tried to gain the necessary information, but with disappointing results. One of the witnesses had moved away, no one knew where; the other, an old servant of the family, had become hopelessly imbecile, and was living in an insane asylum. She, herself, had been away from home at the time, and knew nothing of the circumstance; neither could she find record of it among her husband's papers. If any information should come to light she would be sure to inform us immediately.

The wedding took place the following week. The village church was crowded with an eager, curious throng; the street was filled with curious people as the bride and groom drove away in the April sunshine. The next day they sailed for England.

•

The years passed by, and the mystery, as mysteries will, slipped into the background, quite failing to trouble any heart save that of the lonely woman whose life now was all a backward look.

A part of each summer I passed in her quiet home, and at length a day came when for her, at least, the mystery was solved. The tired little woman lay down in her stately old bed-chamber and told me very quietly that she was going to Henry.

I could not be sorry when the gentle eyes closed and I knew that they would never open for me again. It was enough to see the trouble fade out of that patient face.

Again the best room was sweet with blossoms, and Henry's mother lay where Henry had lain that other summer day.

The hour of the funeral had arrived; the few old friends and neighbors had gathered together; the clergyman stood up to begin the service. Suddenly the doorway was darkened by a figure,—a tall, slender woman in deep mourning. She glided across the room and took her place beside the casket, as though it were her right to be there. Many eyes were turned to her, but the service continued without further interruption. At last the moment arrived when the friends were asked to come forward and look for the last time on the face of the departed.

Then the strange woman got up and threw back her veil. She was a stranger no longer. Every one started; the pale face was older, more white and thin, but the weird beauty was the same. She felt all eyes upon her and turned to meet them.

"I am Henry Brooks' widow," fell in a whisper from the drawn lips; "my place is here." On her hand shone the slender marriage ring; the opal had disappeared.

•

One day a few weeks since, on returning from a trip out of town, I picked up a daily paper which a fellow traveler had left in the seat beside me.

The first thing that met my eyes was the following paragraph:

> "Yesterday a lady accosted a passer-by on Broadway and asked to be directed to the Strand. As she continued in her questioning, it soon became apparent that she fancied herself in London. She became confused and bewildered, and the gentleman called an officer and had her taken to a hospital.
>
> "She there gave her name and London address, and, upon being asked if she had friends in America, spoke of her father, who proved to be a well-known Judge in a neighboring town. He was telegraphed for, and arrived last evening. Upon being questioned he explained that for many years his daughter had been the victim of a peculiar mental affliction. What she did at one time was completely forgotten during succeeding months or years, when she would suddenly return to a consciousness of the past, and, forgetting what had intervened, take up that phase of her life where she had dropped it. She never lost her identity during these changes, however, as is very common in such cases.
>
> "To-day, remembrance of her English home had suddenly come to her, and she fancied herself in London. She appeared in great distress at the absence from her finger of a valuable ring,—an opal,—which was, she said, an heirloom in her husband's family and her engagement ring.
>
> "The father requested that all names should be suppressed, as the fact of his daughter's malady was not as yet known even among their best friends."

• • •

When They All Passed the Plate

NOT very many years ago, in a country church in the west of England, the rector, preaching with great earnestness for home missions, took for his text, "Feed me with food convenient for me." As he came down from the pulpit, well content with the effect his eloquence had produced on the congregation, the thought struck him that he had made no arrangement for the collection.

As he passed through the chancel he whispered hurriedly to an intelligent choir-boy, "Go into the vestry, take the plate you will find on the table, hand it round to the congregation, and then bring it to me."

ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

She did not tremble, she did not change color; she simply sat there, gazing fixedly at the paper in her hands

The boy departed on his errand, and the rector took his place within the communion rails and gave out the offertory hymn.

The last words of this had scarcely died away when the boy stood before him, a plate of biscuits in his hand.

"Please, sir," he explained, in an audible voice, "I've handed them all round to everybody, and nobody won't take none!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN, Editor

• • •

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

January 7, 1899

• • •

$2.50 per Year by Subscription

5 Cents a Copy at all Newsdealers'

• • •

The Bookkeeping View of Life

OUR new real-estate deal in Cuba and the Philippines is likely to cost us $800,000,000. This amount Congress will be called upon to guarantee within a few months,—this is merely a preliminary "investment fund" to put in order and "improve" our new property. It will be sufficient to "start" the wheels of progress, to begin the Americanizing of the territory we compelled Spain to give us to recompense us for our Good Samaritan work in rescuing Cuba. Surely the laborer is worthy of his hire, and shall a nation wage a noble "war of humanity" and not make a profit on the business? That "virtue is its own reward" may be proper for individuals, but mere "virtue" seems a very insignificant reward to hand around among 70,000,000 people.

Nations, when they do a noble deed, need tangible negotiable reward, "lest we forget, lest we forget." And so we have Cuba and the Philippines, and we are going to be a mighty nation, and we can strut around in the vanity of our new greatness, and forget the days when we had to work hard for a bare living as a Republic. But is it worth what it costs? That is a matter of debit and credit, of studying both sides of the ledger. It means studying the problem pro and con, honestly weighing, balancing, discriminating, taking into consideration every element, and giving it its just value; putting down carefully every figure on its proper side of the ledger, and balancing the account. And this balancing means our honest judgment, our true decision.

•

One-sided views of vital questions are responsible for half the discontent, the mistakes, injustice, misery and sorrow of life. We never take true views of our individual problems until we study them from the bookkeeper's standpoint. We look at our trials and sorrows, and grow sentimentally sympathetic with ourselves. We grow morbid in going over in petty detail the figures that constitute the sum of our present unhappiness. We feel that the whole world of sorrow is placed on our individual shoulders, as Atlas carried the globe.

But we are taking a one-sided view of our life; we are shutting our eyes to the sunshine and warmth of love that belongs to us alone, of love that no money could buy, that no other gift in the keeping of life could equal. We forget the joys and blessings of "home," where at night we can turn the key that locks the world out,—and locks our world in. When we thus seek to balance the books of our life, we find that there are few, indeed, with whom we would exchange.

Young men leaving college face the problems of life, usually, with little definite purpose, with slight real knowledge of themselves, with scant preparation for any special work. They desire to succeed, and usually mistake their vague enthusiasm for purpose and energy. With little clearly defined direction, they roll over the field of life like a billiard ball, until they chance to fall into an empty pocket. But if they would push aside the enveloping mist of self-glorification, which is one of the dangerous *sequelæ* that sometimes follows an attack of education, they can get out into the sunlight of common-sense.

Let them then open books with themselves. Let them, as calmly and dispassionately as possible, study themselves and their characteristics. Let them credit themselves with every talent; every power; every cleverness; every valuable trait; every strength, mental, moral and physical, that their honest introspection discovers. Let them then debit themselves with every weakness, every failing, every lack of power, every point wherein they fall below the standard.

•

From this view they can then discover what special line of life they can best follow, what characteristics they need specially to develop, what to weaken or to suppress. Each proposed line of activity may then be considerd in the same manner, with the advantages placed on one side and the disadvantages on the other.

This method is not a magic process of transmuting in an instant the dross of inexperience into the pure gold of Solomonic wisdom. It is simply a step in the right direction; it is putting the young man into the proper attitude for judging. It is teaching him to use both eyes, to see both sides, not to stare idly at life through the monocle of his callow inexperience. Men who go through life carrying their dignity as if it were a sore thumb, need to look on both sides of the question. Man should never protect his dignity; it should protect him. If it does not protect him, it should be discharged. To stand guard over it would be as foolish as to get a chaperon for a watch-dog. If we feel great honor and respect and homage are due us, we must logically recognize, at the same time, that our power must entail correspondingly large duties and responsibilities to others.

Too often we criticise our friends too severely for one failing or weakness which we permit to blind us to their power and strength in other directions. We think too much of what we have to bear for others, too little of what we force others to bear for us, and from us.

•

The most valuable possession of man is Time. He should debit Time with every hour, and credit it with what every hour produces. Unless he can show proper results on his monthly settlements, he is making a failure of life. If he does not do well with time, it is hopeless for him to succeed with eternity,—for eternity is simply an unending supply of time. He would be as foolish as the merchant who advertised that he was selling a certain article below cost. He claimed he lost money on each single article he sold, but that he made it up by selling a large quantity.

The bookkeeping view of life is a human attempt at honesty and justice in all things. It is the constant seeking to be perfectly fair and true to one's self, to one's neighbors, and to the world. And all this is tending toward justice,—and justice is the one thing in the world that is rarer than the dodo.

—THE EDITOR.

• • •

The Literary Fascination

IT IS said that Guy de Maupassant studied literary art under the immediate direction of Gustave Flaubert, and before that Charles Baudelaire had asserted the possibility of teaching any intelligent person how to write poetry,—not mere jingle, but true poetry,—in a few easy lessons. The dream of compassing high art with the reach of mediocrity is not new, nor is it to be wondered at; but it is a dream, and nothing more, as will be understood after a moment's intelligent reflection.

Art is of a twofold structure, being made up of artisanship and personal magnetism. The mere literary craftsman is but a handy grammarian; his facile touch with the pen is an acquirement of practical cleverness; it may be taught, just as mechanical drawing is taught; and under any master of mere rhetoric the average student will pick up the stock graces of verbal expression. But style, which is personal magnetism flashing through diction, may no more be acquired than beauty of face or perfection of stature.

•

Doubtless a great deal of brain worry and disappointment would be prevented if in our schools and colleges literary study were directed more toward general enlightenment, and less in the direction of what is spoken of as the "literary profession." There is little danger to the happiness of mankind in thoughtful and well-directed discouragement of indiscriminate literary ambition. Robert Louis Stevenson sounded a plaintive and significant note of warning in one of his most subtle essays, and in a letter from Samoa to a friend in London he regretted that he had not, at the outset of his life, chosen a profession from which he could have drawn a competent and regular salary.

A wise and great literary man once said that his writings served well as a staff, but not as a crutch. Yet a man's or a woman's profession must be strong enough to lean upon with the whole weight of life's responsibilities. Nothing but a safe crutch will serve. This is why the ambition of a young person to make literature his profession meets with so little encouragement from old and worldly-wise heads. Not that literature offers nothing to its devoted followers; but what it offers is far from the golden dream of wealth and luxury so often associated with it in youthful imagination. A few abnormally successful writers have made large fortunes; but no young person choosing literature as a profession has any just reason to expect large or even adequate money returns; simply because he has no just right to expect abnormal success.

What, then, is the golden word about the literary life? Perhaps it is this: Art is not a profession, but a consecration. No person can choose it; it chooses the person, and sets him apart. Anything less than this seizure, this captivity, is but a substitution of desire for actual fitness. When the victim of personal longing for literary fame, and sordid literary earnings, sets about the business of art, he works on the artisan's plane; far above him, where the skylarks soar, because God gave them wings, where they sing, because God gave them the divine voice, he hears what he can never reach, and so to him literature is a disappointment, a despair.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

• • •

The Attitude of Honest Merit

SOME time ago Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson, whose achievement in connection with the sinking of the Merrimac had made him famous, received an offer of $50,000 from a New York lecture bureau for a series of popular lectures. The offer was promptly declined, and the reasons given by Officer Hobson were so unusual and so simple as to create astonishment.

"Before the sinking of the Merrimac," he says, "my lectures would not have been worth fifty cents, and that achievement, which has so raised my stock in the literary market, was performed as a simple act of duty in my capacity as an officer of the United States. I cannot think that I should accept any such terms for doing my duty, especially as the performance in no way increased my ability to lecture."

The compacted integrity and ingenuousness of this view need not be inordinately praised, unusual as it is to see such modesty confronting pecuniary temptation. The quality that ought to command our special admiration is,—as the officer puts it,—his ability to see his "simple duty," and the simple honesty that enables him to refuse money for what he could not furnish a return. To have availed himself of the purely accidental fame arising from the Merrimac, to obtain money as a lecturer, looks to this honest officer as a fraudulent device, and he will have none of it.

•

If this clear view of intrinsic values were applied to the lecture field broadly, it would, we fear, sweep that field clear of a great many persons who are being exploited, not because they have anything to say that the world cares to hear, but only because they have hitched themselves on to a momentary notoriety. They have acquired a sudden reputation that has not bettered their equipment or added one jot to their authority. What they really do is to consent to exhibit themselves for money, satisfied to gratify a passing curiosity in obedience to a purely commercial trick.

We now perceive that it is difficult to get men who have been trained to do their duty to consent to this trick, and the discovery is worth something at a time when the literary field is overrun by persons who have no other claim to be in it than that they have had a reputation manufactured for the occasion. New York City is at this moment raising a memorial fund in honor of the late Colonel Waring, for some time its efficient Street Commissioner. It is a generous and fitting tribute to a noble man who fell in doing his simple duty.

He is worth a monument, but, after all, would not such a shaft lift itself with grim satire? How could we inscribe it? Perhaps in this way: "To do one's duty simply and modestly is so rare that we have erected this column to the only man that we could find who did it."

—NYM CRINKLE (A. C. WHEELER).

• • •

The Value of the Thing Left Out

THE chief element of the fascination which lurks in the negro music, written in what is called "rag time," is in its peculiar rhythm, and that rhythm is obtained, curiously enough, by a note left out. When the ear which has become accustomed to the ordinary movement of melody expects to hear a distinct beat, there is a pause, and when the next note dances in it has gained from the suspension of the metre a delightful piquancy. The man or woman who invented this novelty in music,—or who, to put it, perhaps, more correctly, applied the principle of syncopation to the negro air,—had an inspiration in a line of human activity which is, perhaps, not sufficiently recognized,—the art of knowing what not to do.

•

The mere reader can scarcely understand, while enjoying the symmetry of a well-constructed story or poem, the art which the author has employed in leaving out the word which would have spoiled the sentence; in destroying the chapter or verse which would have given his work a tendency undesired and undesirable; in obliterating a character or a sentiment which weakened or distorted his creation.

To the reader, the right things seem the easy and natural things, but the author knows with what distracting pertinacity the wrong things push their way to the paper, from some perverse recess of his intelligence, and how they fight for life against his most strenuous efforts to remove them.

The tendency to do the wrong thing,—the thing which must be undone before the right thing can be done,—distresses humanity from the cradle to the grave. The hands which would fashion the picture must be trained for years not to draw the false lines before they can draw the true; the fingers and the voices which would interpret the music of the masters must endure a weary struggle with the discordant before the harmonious can be attained,—and it may not illogically be that, when life, with its manifold temptations and natural perversities, is ended, and the final judgments are revealed, it will be found that the prize of enduring happiness is oftenest conferred upon those who have learned what not to do.

—FRED NYE.

• • •

Our New Midway Plaisance

THE average European is of a deadly literal turn of mind. He never has understood us, and more than ever he misunderstands us now. Every leader on American affairs that appears in the European journals makes this clearer. Over there they are crediting us with an ambition to acquire their pet and particular vices. Russia and Germany and France see us evolved into a great military Power, impoverishing our people at home that we may squabble with them to become "land poor" abroad.

This misapprehension of American ideals is due in part to the opponents of national expansion. They talk of an "Imperial Policy," and an "Imperial Republic." Our newspaper men selected the adjective, and we accepted it in the first instance, not because it was apt or applicable to America, but because it sounded big someway,—and we like big things,—and rolled out in sonorous syllables. In the same spirit we prefixed "greater" to New York, and would have called it greatest had not that implied a possible limit to the city's growth. Of the real meaning of Imperial, and its past associations, we took no account. But its forbears are pretty well known, and it is too large a contract, even for us, to attempt to gloss them into respectability.

Separate, the words Imperial and Republic may alike mean strength and virility, but together they have stood for nothing but despotism and degeneracy. In the rottenness and decadence of France we have a fair example of what it means to be an Imperial Republic.

But the United States is in no danger of becoming that sort of a Republic. All this loose talk about Imperialism has been misleading; but our ideals are clearly defined. Our increased Navy is for protection, not aggression; our larger Army is for peaceful police work, not war; our acquisition of colonies is for expansion, not imperialism; and expansion with us simply means liberty, education, and material prosperity for a greater number. These are the ideals of the Republic; to spread them, its mission in the new century.

•

There was a time in our commercial history when we were sufficient to ourselves in our County Fairs and State Expositions. The whole countryside would gather to gawk at stock that stood helpless in its own fat, and quilts in which every gaudy square represented the sacrifice of a youth's necktie. Then came Chicago, and our ears were filled with the music of the tom-toms, and before our delighted eyes danced the Dahomians. And when the tale of the profits was told, lo! the Midway led all the rest. Since then, no State has hazarded a fair without a Midway.

There are people to-day who prefer a County Fair to a World's Columbian Exposition; but they are not the people who have pushed America forward from poverty and obscurity, at the beginning of the century, to the place of a Power among great Powers at its end. Nor will their arguments from timidity and from history prevail. For Americans are not a timid people, afraid to seize opportunity; but rather they go out half-way to meet it. And they are not to be held back from attempting big things by the ghosts of a lot of disreputable Cæsars, who disgraced themselves two thousand years ago. History is too busy trying to make a clean record for itself in this new country to have time or inclination to attempt any such weak, practical joke as a repetition of itself would prove to be with a hard-headed nation of merchants.

—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER.

AMERICAN NEW YEAR
ITS TRADITIONS AND CUSTOMS

By WILLIAM PERRINE

Picture by LUKENS

IT WAS a mild, moonlit night of the first of January, 1790, when George Washington and "Lady" Washington stood together in their New York house to receive the visitors who made the first New Year's calls with which a President of the United States was honored. Tea and coffee, and plum and plain cake were served by the mistress of the mansion, while her stately husband, whose fine figure was set off in the costume of the drawing-room to even better advantage than in his military garb, greeted his visitors with friendly formality.

When the clock in the hall struck nine, Mrs. Washington, who had been standing by his side, advanced a step, and said, with a pleasant smile: "The General always retires at nine, and I usually precede him."

•

After this gentle intimation, the company made their parting salutations to the couple, and retired in good order. But the occasion had been a cause of no little pleasure to the new President. The friendly greeting of the gentlemen of New York in making their calls had greatly impressed him. He asked if the custom of New Year visiting in New York had always been kept up there, and he was assured that it had been, from the early days of the Dutch. He paused, and then said pleasantly, but gravely:

"The highly favored situation of New York will, in the progress of years, attract numerous immigrants, who will gradually change its customs and manners; but whatever changes take place, never forget the cordial and cheerful observance of the New Year's Day."

When Washington went to Philadelphia as President he carried with him the New York custom of a levee on the first day of the year, and the most brilliant social events of his administration were when the beauties of his "Republican court" were thus assembled to assist the Washingtons in their simple but elegant hospitality.

It is thus that, from the days of Washington to the days of McKinley, has been almost uniformly maintained the most conspicuous social function of the Presidency in its relation to all the American people. For when Jefferson came into office he changed the levee as a half-courtly ceremonial of the Federalists, and threw open the doors of the Executive Mansion on New Year's Day to every person who wanted to "pay their respects" to the President.

•

But Jefferson, who was far from being parsimonious, provided his callers with an abundance of cake and wine, and the humblest citizen who was presented to him was made to feel that he was welcome.

Indeed, on the occasion of Jefferson's first New Year reception there occurred a remarkable illustration of this democratic amity. Those who called on him found themselves invited to step into the apartment where "The Mammoth Cheese" was to be found. The arrival of what the Federalists called "this monument of human weakness and folly" was the great sensation of the day.

In the Massachusetts town of Cheshire, a worthy Baptist elder, one John Leland, had in the year before proposed to his neighbors to celebrate Jefferson's election to the Presidency by making the largest cheese then known in this country. Every man or woman in that part of the Bay State who was the owner of a cow,—provided, however, that it was not a Federalist cow,—was invited to contribute one day's milking. At the time fixed for receiving the milk a great crowd of men, women and girls arrived with pails, pots and tubs of curd, which, after prayer and the singing of hymns, was placed in an enormous cider-press.

When the cheese was taken out and dried it weighed sixteen hundred pounds! Leland then mounted it on a sleigh, which he drove all the way from Massachusetts to the District of Columbia, awakening the astonishment of thousands of farmers along the country roads. Down Pennsylvania Avenue in the infant city of the wilderness he proceeded triumphantly to the "President's Palace" with his huge load.

When the cheese was carried to Jefferson he received it in his usual good-natured way, and delighted the honest Leland with a pretty little tribute to the staunch patriotism of his sturdy New England friends and their thoroughly Jeffersonian cows.

•

The gracious manners of the robust and handsome Dolly Madison, in her social sway, shone on New Year's Day in the old White House, and since her time no President has ventured deliberately to break down the custom. It has come to be considered one of the fixed privileges of American sovereignty,

THE SEARCH FOR THE TREE AGREED UPON AS A GOAL

and although as late as Lincoln's time it was a tumultuous and demoralizing crush, yet the wild disorder which prevailed in former years has been greatly lessened by a growing respect in Washington for ceremonial usage.

The day never obtained much favor in New England, but in the Middle States and in the South, or wherever the Dutch, the Germans and the English churchman took root, it was distinctly recognized in various local traditions and habits.

The crowds that surrounded old Trinity Church, in New York, and Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, waiting for the chimes of one and the booming bell of the other to announce the advent of 1899, and who made the midnight hideous with pistols and horns, were simply the festal descendants of the joyous subjects of Stuyvesant on Manhattan Island more than two centuries ago.

•

Time and again more than one Colonial Legislature tried by the passing of laws to suppress the revelers who in those days would begin to go about banging off their firearms on the last day of the year, and keeping up the fusilade for several days afterward.

In more recent years this gave much concern to the pious members of those religious denominations in which the intensely solemn and impressive midnight "watch-meeting" marked the transition from year to year. But the next day was all but universal in its hilarity among New Yorkers. Great four and six horse stages, or, if snow was on the ground, big sleighs, went from house to house; target companies had processions; the church bells rang merrily; in many families gifts were made, and every newspaper provided its carriers with an elaborate Address or a Poem on a broadside, reciting the flight of Father Time.

In fact, New Year's Day in New York, as in the South, was, within the memory of men still living, a more important holiday than Christmas; and it was often said that the whole population of the city then behaved as if it were celebrating "one great family reunion around the festive board."

In some parts of the country, but more particularly in Philadelphia, bands of "mummers" paraded on the streets or the roads on New Year's Eve, and, sometimes, throughout the Christmas-tide. They stopped at the houses of citizens who were rich, or who were in public life, and serenaded them, or went through some impromptu pantomime, which had to be rewarded with either refreshments or money.

Every tavern or wayside inn in the days when the Red Lion, the Barley Sheaf, the Golden Eagle, the King of Prussia, the Rising Sun, the Falstaff, and the Bluebell were some of the favorite rendezvous of travelers and merry-makers, was a scene of the antics of some masquerading party, a military company on parade, a barbecue, or of the manœuvres of the stalwart lads in the "cornstalk drill."

The militiamen of the surrounding district on these occasions would line up in front of the country tavern armed with brooms, poles, pitchforks and cornstalks, and the crowds would make life a burden for the commanding officer, as he put his battalion through their awkward evolutions. Then there would be wheelbarrow races on the road or in the inn-yard, or prizes offered to the rustics who, blindfolded with handkerchiefs, would wheel the barrow nearest to a tree indicated as a goal in the open fields.

It was the common practice, too, for housewives to invite them to the door for mulled cider and home-made cakes; or, if they could afford to be so generous, for roast beef and mince pie and tobacco.

•

One of the notable exhibitions of New Year mummery, growing out of the importation of English customs, was the fantastic revelry on the streets, and in front of public houses, of those masqueraders organized under the direction of a Lord of Misrule.

In the course of time these performances became distinctly a New Year frolic, the mummers starting out as the church bells rang in the year, and keeping up their foolery, as long as their weary legs would carry them, throughout the next day.

In recent years there has been a remarkable development of this old custom in Philadelphia. On a fine New Year's Day the streets are as gay with brilliant costumes as New Orleans at Mardi Gras. No other exhibition of outdoor pageantry in America may be compared with this display of the "shooters," except the former Antiques and Horribles of Boston on Fourth of July, and the St. Louis followers of Momus.

On a certain occasion a single club wore robes of velvet, silk and tinsel worth over $10,000. Often the captain, arrayed in royal robes, is attended by a gorgeous retinue of pages bearing his train.

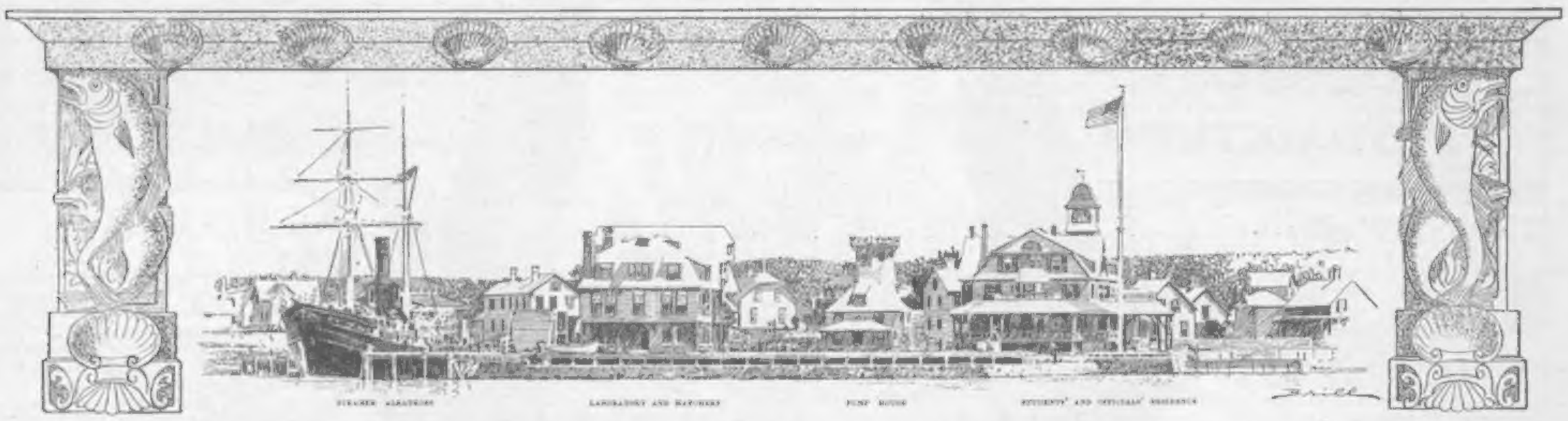
•

And now let us look at another example of transition. Exactly one hundred years after the New Year night when Mrs. George Washington sent home her callers in New York society at nine o'clock sharp, there came together, in the great auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House, a company of twelve hundred ladies and gentlemen to celebrate the advent of the new year.

The superb opera house was blazing with jewels, and adorned with all the splendor of flowers and all the arts of electric illumination.

It was far into the hours past midnight before the magnificent assemblage was dissolved; and when the young wife of him who had been President of the United States was invited to a seat of honor, there was the notable contrast of a century between the days when Martha Washington received her modest New York society, with tea and cake, on New Year night, and when Frances Cleveland was asked to grace the vast company that represented the flower of American life in the closing days of the century.

IN A WORKSHOP OF THE SEA



WHERE FISHES ARE MADE TO ORDER

By RENÉ BACHE

IN ANCIENT times, when man yet wandered in a mental twilight, he was horribly afraid of Nature, because he felt that she was too strong for him. Her motives, being beyond his understanding, were suspected by him to be malign; hence the upgrowth of a myriad superstitions, each one of which represented a fear of design on her part to hurt him.

But in these later days the human creature has come to realize that Nature is his friend, and he has actually gone so far as to enter into partnership with her.

The most remarkable thing in this line thus far accomplished by man is the artificial breeding of fishes. An important Government bureau devotes its efforts chiefly to this business, which is carried on all over the United States. Though it has been pursued for only the last few years, the results attained have been marvelous.

•

Merely as one illustration, it may be noted that the shad fishery of this country would to-day be practically extinct but for the millions on millions of young shad that are hatched annually by the United States Fish Commission and let loose in the rivers. But by far the most notable work of this kind is done at the station at Wood's Holl, Massachusetts, which is a veritable workshop of the sea, devoted to the propagation of marine fishes and of baby lobsters. The establishment also includes the most important marine biological laboratory in the United States.

The Fish Commission's workshop at Wood's Holl is the greatest fish-culture station in the United States, and probably in the world. Situated at the tip of the heel of Cape Cod, which is shaped like a gigantic, old-fashioned shoe, with its toe curling upward, the Government buildings stand on the end of a promontory, with Buzzard's Bay on one side and Vineyard Sound on the other.

The property is a magnificent one, with an admirable harbor, which is resorted to in summer by hundreds of yachts and other vessels. Vineyard Sound is perhaps the most important water-way on the Atlantic coast, being the inside passage between New England and the Middle States, so that all the coastwise mercantile traffic passes in full view of the station.

•

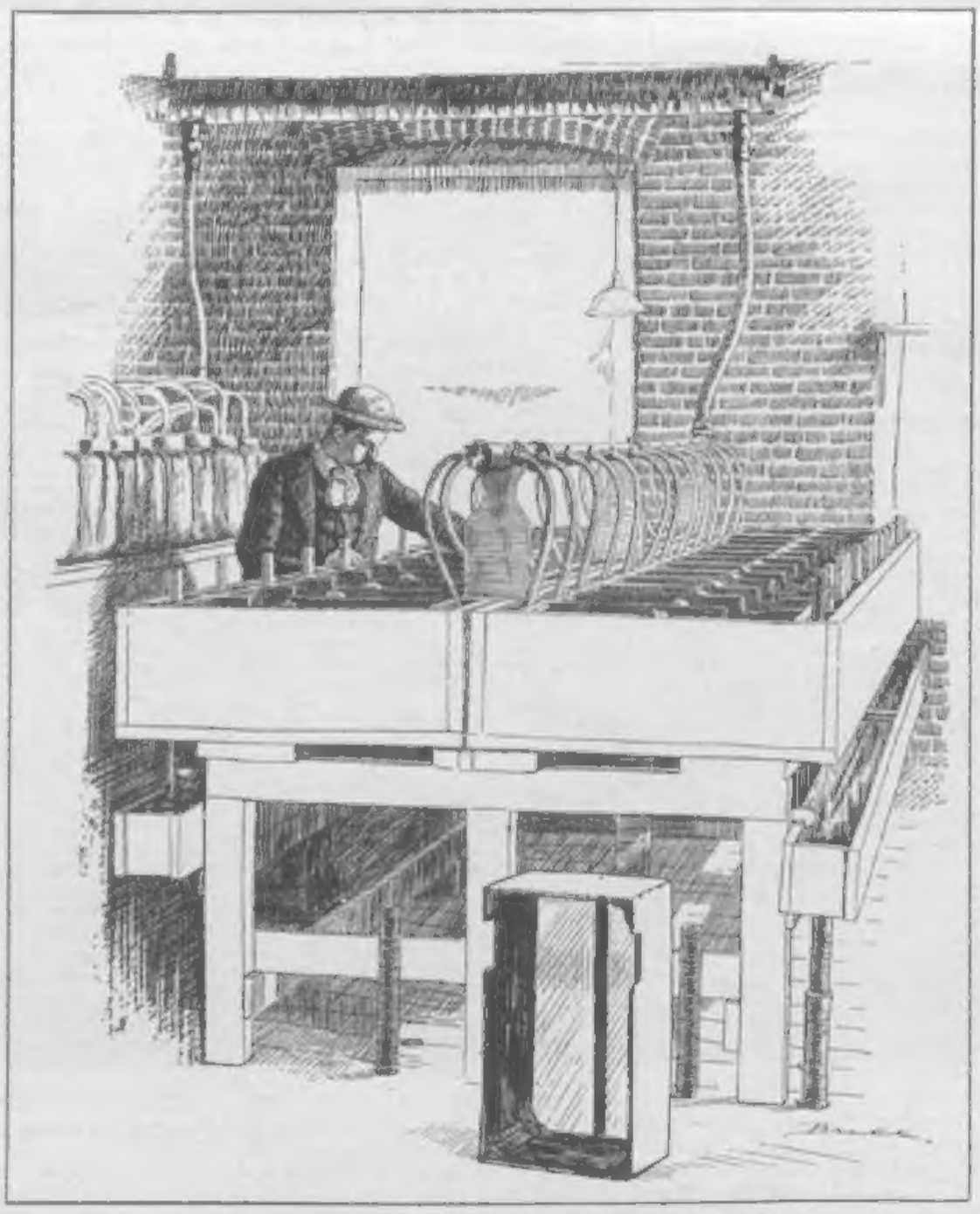
This site was chosen, however, not for the sake of the scenery, but on account of the fact that the waters in that neighborhood are wonderfully rich in animal life, furnishing unsurpassed opportunities for the study of fishes and marine invertebrates. Scientists flock thither from all over the country, and a residence building of fifty-five rooms is occupied every summer by biologists and other experts from various institutions of learning, who carry on original researches. The biological laboratory was paid for in part by Harvard, Johns Hopkins and other universities, and the finest microscopes and a great variety of other scientific apparatus are furnished for the use of investigators.

But the most interesting feature of the plant, naturally, is the hatchery, which is in another building. Here fishes of various kinds are turned out every year by scores of millions, being brought into the world on a sort of dry-nurse principle. Nature, unfortunately, while she is so wise in a large way, is yet frightfully wasteful of life. If, in the case of the cod, for example, one individual in 100,000 survives to grow up, she is quite satisfied. So science is trying to act as an economical clerk for the old lady, saving what she would throw away. The fish eggs are gathered in quantities and incubated under such conditions that a great majority of the baby fishes get a chance to see the light, at all events, whereas under natural circumstances nearly all of them would be destroyed.

The hatchery at Wood's Holl is a wonderful affair. There are rows on rows of glass jars, with a maze of glass tubes connecting them, and other rows of "tidal boxes," which seem queer and complicated, yet are simple enough, while representing an invention which, in point of importance and originality, might fairly be compared with the telephone.

The Mackerel

They are, in effect, artificial mothers for marine fishes. These tidal boxes are tanks filled with sea-water, and so contrived that there is a double circulating current, keeping the fish eggs which are put into them in constant movement, while an automatic lowering and lifting of the surface level counterfeits the fall and rise of the tides.



IN THE HATCHING-ROOM

IMITATING NATURE'S TIDES BY CLOCKWORK

Generally speaking, the eggs of marine fishes, such as the cod and mackerel, are "pelagic,"—that is to say, after being laid, they float about on the surface of the sea, and nearly all of them are gobbled up by fishes and other animals before they get a chance to hatch. Now, experience has proved that such eggs cannot be hatched in the glass jars which serve for incubating the eggs of trout and other fresh-water species. It is necessary to subject them to conditions which counterfeit perfectly those of Nature. They must rise and fall with the tides, as they do on the waves of the ocean, and must be continually agitated by currents, such as disturb them in their normal "pelagic" condition. The "tidal box" exactly imitates these phenomena, on a small scale, by the help of an arrangement of syphons.

A female cod carries about 3,000,000 eggs, representing a number of individuals equivalent in the aggregate to the population of Greater New York. Out of this vast number, perhaps three or four codfish will come safely into the world and live to grow up. But, supposing that this particular coddess,—if one may say goddess, why not coddess?—is taken in hand by the experts of the Fish Commission, seventy per cent. of her eggs will be likely to produce young ones, and, out of the total of 3,000,000 eggs, possibly as many as 300,000 will escape destruction and survive to adult age.

This last point is largely a matter of guess, because the baby cod are put into the water as soon as they are hatched, but it is reasonable to imagine that a majority of them mature. Many of them linger in the neighborhood of the station for a long time, so that their rate of growth can be watched. They reach a length of three inches in less than six months, and a fish of that size is comparatively safe from being devoured.

•

The cod work of the Fish Commission has been its most successful achievement up to date. Within the last fifteen years, fifty-five millions of young codfish have been planted along the coast of Massachusetts, and the results have been very marked. Cod are now being taken in in-shore waters where they were never found before in the memory of the oldest fisherman, and there has been a steady run of fish on grounds which have been considered hopelessly depleted and used up. The fact is, that the cod fishery, which otherwise would have been almost destroyed by this time, has been preserved by these methods, and thus will continue indefinitely to be a source of maintenance for man.

The cod eggs hatched at the Wood's Holl station are obtained chiefly from "brood fish," caught on hand lines by the Fish Commission steamer Grampus, on Nantucket shoals. The fishes thus taken are confined in the "well" of the vessel, specially constructed for this purpose, and, being brought to the station, are confined in "live cars."

The live cars are great boxes as big as a large room, through which the sea-water flows freely, keeping the finny prisoners healthy and in good condition. The business of collecting the breeding cod begins early in October of each year, and continues until the capacity of the station is reached,—that is, 9000 or 10,000 fish. At intervals the cod are transferred by dip-nets, one by one, from one live car to another. The eggs are obtained by pressure with the hand, and they are then released in the ocean.

•

Experts employed by the Fish Commission also go out to arriving cod-fishing vessels, just from the far-out "banks," and strip the female fishes of their eggs. This work, done usually in freezing weather, is extremely arduous, frequently involving great danger, the men passing from vessel to vessel in small boats. Largely as a result of their heroic efforts, 106,000,000 newly hatched cod were planted last year in Vineyard Sound, Nantucket Sound, Buzzard's Bay, and other waters of that region. If one in a hundred should survive to adult age, this would signify an addition of more than ten million pounds of codfish to the available supply.

This reckoning is based upon an average weight, but cod frequently weigh seventy-five pounds, and there is authentic record of a specimen, taken in 1895 off the Massachusetts coast, that tipped the scales at 211 pounds. It is interesting to consider that if all the offspring of a single female codfish at one spawning lived to grow up, they would weigh, at ten pounds apiece, considerably more than a battle-ship like the Oregon.

•

This species is one of the most prolific of fishes. Incalculable numbers of cod eggs are thrown up on the shore by the waves to die, and numerous fishes, birds and other animals find in them a favorite food. About one hundred million pounds of codfish, by-the-way, are landed by fishing vessels annually at ports of the United States.

It is extremely interesting to observe the development of unhatched cod in the incubating apparatus. By the tenth day the young fish may be seen through the egg shell, quite well formed, and, under the microscope, the beating of its heart can be watched.

About two weeks are required to accomplish the hatching, though the period is influenced largely by the temperature of the water.

That very popular food fish, the mackerel, has given the United States Fish Commission a lot of trouble. The Government would be willing to pay a big reward in money to any body who could suggest a way of securing its eggs in unlimited quantities; but up to date no method has been found practicable, except to take advantage of those exceptional periods during which the mackerel come close in shore

There is no use trying to utilize the mackerel caught far out at sea, because dead fish do not yield fertile ova. The eggs hatched by the Fish Commission have to be procured from mackerel taken with nets in the neighborhood of the Wood's Holl station.

The mackerel is a most erratic species,—a puzzle to the fisherman as well as to the pisciculturist. At times it is astonishingly abundant traveling in such immense numbers that a single school has been estimated to represent one million barrels

•

There are periods when it is exceedingly scarce, and during the last eleven years there has been a mackerel famine.

Nobody knows what is the cause of this periodical dearth. It may have something to do with accidental conditions influencing the natural incubation of the eggs, which are wonderfully delicate. The utmost difficulty is experienced in hatching mackerel eggs by artifice, inasmuch as a large percentage of them perish from some obscure cause. In 1896, 24,000,000 mackerel eggs were collected by the Fish Commission, but only a small percentage were brought into the world

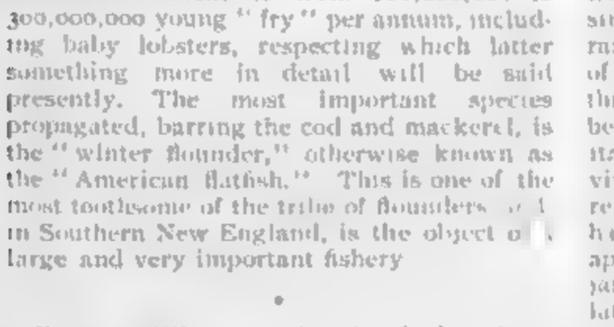
The egg of the mackerel is extremely small Provided with a small oil globule, it floats at the surface for a while, and then sinks slowly to the bottom, where it is finally hatched. An average female mackerel carries 140,000 eggs, but less than one per cent. of them are hatched, as a rule

The capacity of the Wood's Holl station is so enormous that 50,000,000 eggs can be incubated there at one time. The output of the establishment is from 200,000,000 to 300,000,000 young "fry" per annum, including baby lobsters, respecting which latter something more in detail will be said presently. The most important species propagated, barring the cod and mackerel, is the "winter flounder," otherwise known as the "American flatfish." This is one of the most toothsome of the tribe of flounders [illegible] in Southern New England, is the object of a large and very important fishery

•

Forty million newly hatched winter flounders were planted last year in the bays of Southern Massachusetts and Rhode Island It can hardly be said that, as a result, there has been a noticeable increase in the number of flatfish caught, but, at any rate, the supply has been kept up. There would be no occasion for the artificial breeding of fishes if it were not for the threatened exhaustion of valuable species by overfishing. The eggs of the winter flounder are obtainable in unlimited quantities, in the vicinity of Wood's Holl, from adult specimens caught in nets.

Other species with which more or less in the way of breeding is done are the sea-bass, scup, tautog, weakfish, and cunner. Experiments have been made with the cunner, not with a view to its extensive propagation, but to throw light upon certain matters having to do with the hatching of its near relative, the tautog. Though very abundant, and frequently annoying to fishermen, because it is a wonderfully expert nibbler and thief of bait, the cunner is the chief object of what is



known as the "Irish fishery," of Boston This is a fishery engaged in exclusively by Irishmen, who, in the pursuit of their industry, employ a special class of boats and [illegible] apparatus, such as hoop-nets.

As for the tautog, it is a very notable foodfish in Southern Massachusetts, being caught with hook and line. The supply of this species in those waters has been maintained by the work done at Wood's Holl, and last year several shipments of tautog were sent out to California, to be planted off the Golden Gate.

By all odds the most interesting work done at Wood's Holl is the breeding of lobsters. It is a regrettable fact that the lobster fishery along the Atlantic coast is being [illegible] destroyed, and, unless artificial [illegible]tion becomes a success, this valuable [illegible]n will have practically disappeared from the markets within a few years

•

Experts of the Fish Commission have used their utmost efforts to devise means for breeding lobsters on a large scale, and, to an [illegible] solved the problem

In fact the hatching process is extremely simple, the eggs being detached from the swimmerets of the fresh caught mother lobster and put into a glass jar such as is employed for hatching trout or shad eggs By a simple but ingenious arrangement, a continual flow of salt water is maintained through the jar, every egg being kept continually agitated and exposed to the vivifying influence of the current Lobster eggs can be hatched without any special apparatus in ordinary glass jars filled with sea water, the latter being changed daily

The lobster eggs are an olive green in color, and about one sixteenth of an inch in diameter The process of incubation lasts a week, at the end of which the infant crustaceans begin to hatch out. Then the interested observer has a chance to witness a very pretty sight, as the eggs burst and liberate their little occupants

•

Every time an egg bursts the shell falls to the bottom of the jar, while the new born lobster rises to the surface He does not look like a lobster, but like a tiny shrimp

When the young "fry" are twenty four hours old they are poured into large tin cans, with the water containing them, and, in these receptacles, are conveyed to some quiet place, where the water is shallow and still There they are liberated by gently submerging the cans

At this stage of their existence the young lobsters have habits very different from those which they acquire later in life. They are free swimming animals, spending their time at the surface of the sea, where they are the prey of fishes and various other creatures, the consequence being that very few of them live to grow up

This kind of life they lead for a period of seven weeks, meanwhile "molting," or changing their shells, three times. They are very apt to die while molting, being obliged, incidentally to the process, to cough up the linings of their stomachs and intestines. There is not much fun in being an adolescent lobster, on the whole; but, if luck permits his survival, the young crustacean indulges in a fourth molt at the end of the seventh week, thereupon adopting his adult form and settling down to a comparatively quiet existence on the bottom, where he hides among rocks, and, being clad in a suit of armor, is safe from nearly every enemy

Now, as appears from what has been said, there is no trouble whatever in hatching lobster eggs. The latter are purchased from lobster fishermen, a single female carrying from 5000 to 80,000, and they have only to be scraped of the swimmerets of the male with a blunt wooden knife and deposited in the glass jar. All is plain sailing thus far, but the difficulty is to rear the "fry" after they have chipped the shell

It has not been found practicable to keep them in confinement for any length of time, with a view to their protection during infancy, because cannibal demons are apt to carry them off in large numbers and they have a way of eating each other When liberated in the sea, according to the method hitherto adopted, nearly all of them are gobbled up

•

Nevertheless, after several years of experimenting, the experts seem to be on the point of solving the problem. In fact, they have been so far successful that last summer several thousand young lobsters were kept penned up until they had molted the fourth time and arrived at the walking stage,—the stage, that is to say, of safety It has been ascertained that they will not eat each other if they get plenty of the sort of food that they require, and the prevention of disease among the "fry" is merely a matter of accurate knowledge, which will be obtained sooner or later. However, the preservation of a few thousand individuals does not signify in the solution of the difficulty, which will not be fairly solved until millions of them can be successfully reared to the ambulatory age.

The Adult Lobster

One trouble encountered by the Fish Commission is to procure enough lobster eggs, the number of females obtainable being limited in the present depleted condition of the fishery. On this account only 30,000,000 "fry" could be hatched in 1898, against 64,000,000 in 1897.

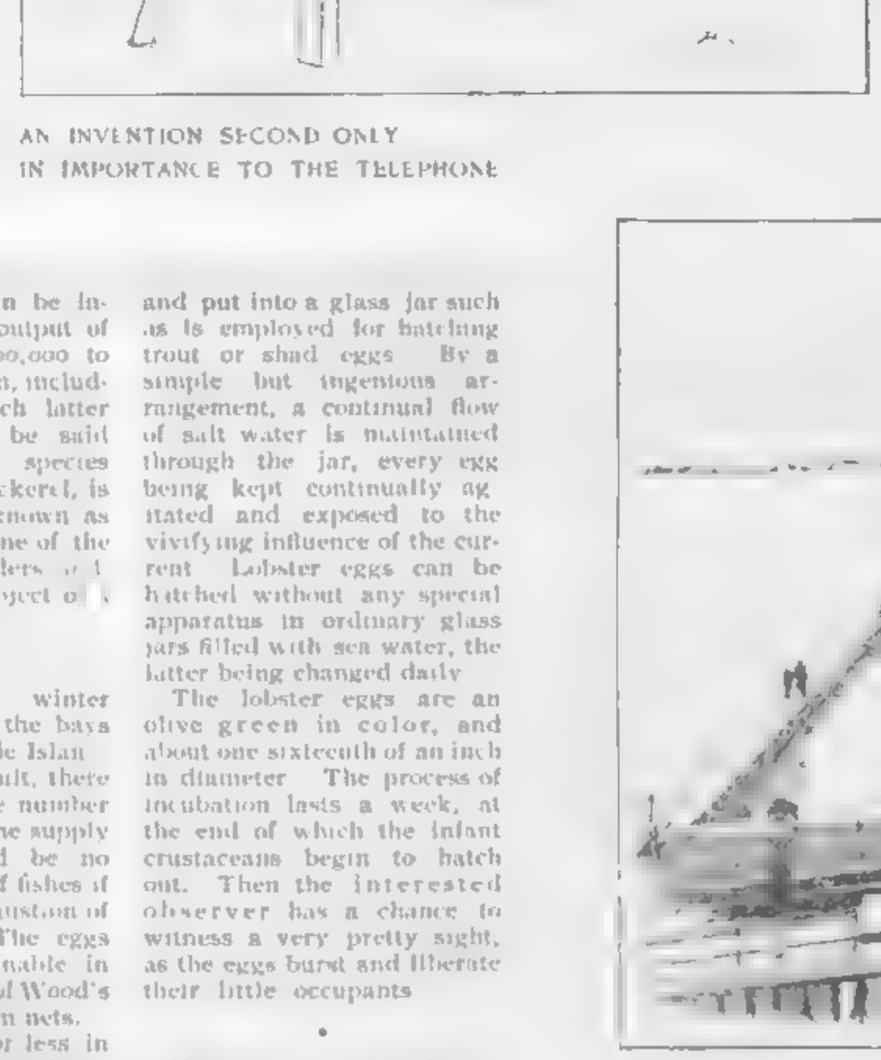
•

Various kinds of foods for baby lobsters have been tried, such as [illegible]ped up clams, crab meat, and yolks of eggs, but the provender that suits them best is the copepoda. These are very minute crustaceans which float about in countless numbers at the surface of the sea, and the means adopted for gathering them is to drag a small net of gauze behind a row boat

In this workshop of the sea at Wood's Holl are many aquaria, in which, throughout the year, various species of fishes, crabs, mollusks, etc., are kept alive under conditions as near as possible to those of nature. These aquaria are specially designed to afford instruction to those who are engaged in studying the habits, diseases, and so forth, of the creatures which they contain.

•

As already stated, investigations of various kinds, both practical and otherwise, are continually in progress at the Fish Commission's station. For example, during the last summer experiments have been conducted with a view to the preservation of fresh fish for market by treating them with harmless chemicals, so that they may be kept or transported for long distances



AN INVENTION SECOND ONLY
IN IMPORTANCE TO THE TELEPHONE

THE KINDERGARTEN OF THE SEA
THE INTERMEDIATE STEP BETWEEN
THE HATCHERY AND THE OCEAN

WIT OF THE CHILDREN

His Sister Had Her Choice.—Mamma: "Bobbie, I notice that your little sister took the smaller apple. Did you let her have her choice, as I told you to?" Bobbie. "Yes. I told her she could have the little one or none, and she chose the little one"

A Strictly Family Affair.—Mamma: "Did you tell God how naughty you were?" Lily: "No; I was ashamed I thought it had better not get out of the family."

He Knew Willie.—"Georgie," said his mother, "I will not whip you this time, if after this you promise to be a good little boy like Willie Jones." "Mamma," said Georgie earnestly, "whip me, please."

Moving Out of the District.—A little girl of Los Angeles, whose family was about to move to Arizona, and who had heard that country spoken of as a forlorn and particularly God-forsaken place, was saying her prayers at her mother's knee the night before their intended departure. She said all she had been taught, and then, with peculiar emphasis, she said: "Now good by, God, for to-morrow we are going to Arizona."

Preparing for Future Need.—Little Edith had the habit of eating out the soft part of her bread and tucking the crust under the edge of her plate. The other evening Edith was detected in this, and her mother said "Edith, how often have I told you about leaving your crusts? There may be a day you will be glad to get them" "Yes, mamma," replied Edith promptly; "that's what I'm saving 'em for."

The Uniformed Goat.—"Oh, my dear daughter!" (to a little girl of six), "you should not be frightened and run from the goat. Don't you know you are a Christian Scientist?" "But, mamma" (excitedly), "the billy goat don't know it."

Misjudging Johnnie.—Mother: "Johnnie, I'm shocked to hear you swear. Do you learn that at school?" "Learn it at school! Why, it's me what teaches the other boys."

New Year's Outlook for the United States

The United States entered on the year 1899 with an extraordinary plethora of money. Estimating the entire population at 75,059,000, the amount of money in circulation was equal to about $25 for every man, woman and child in the country.

The general financial promises of the first half of 1898 were more than sustained to the close of the year. Strong words are necessary to show what a really prosperous year 1898 was in the many elements that contribute to a nation's financial strength.

While the people in all sections received a share in the general "picking up" of business, those in the West, where the least advancement was to be expected, were proportionately more fortunate than others. Our farmers and manufacturers were never more busy, our foreign trade was never before so large and promising.

Our debts are slight in comparison with our present assets and the millions that the world owes us for our surplus products, and we have passed from the condition of a nation to the full stature of a Great Power.

Because of restored confidence, and the abundance of ready cash, our money was never so eager for permanent investment as now. Banks have already begun reducing their rates of interest, because of the fact that their vaults are overflowing with money which cannot find judicious employment. With all our encouraging prospects, however, the greatest care must be exercised lest the "wild cat" gets loose.

First American Political Convention in Porto Rico

The people of Porto Rico have been initiated into what was to them a novel institution, a political convention on the American plan. Scarcely any method could have been chosen that would mark more completely the passing of the old administration and the coming of the new.

This event was due to the desire of General Henry, the new Military Governor, to establish intimate relations with the people, "to have them feel that they can be directly represented here for the purpose of complaints, grievances and recommendations."

To bring about this notable event, he directed the Council to instruct every Mayor on the Island to choose two delegates, one liberal and one radical, to a convention in San Juan, in which the fullest discussion of the condition and needs of the people would be allowed.

General Henry pledged in advance his hearty official cooperation, while reserving the right to act on recommendations according to his best judgment. This personal contact of the people with their chief executive cannot fail of large beneficial results.

Developing Petroleum in a Land of Fruits and Flowers

Within three years California's beautiful "City of the Angels" has become one of the notable petroleum producing centres of the country. Natural oil was known to exist in that part of Southern California as far back as 1862, and spasmodic operations were carried on till 1873.

More systematic work was then undertaken by experienced oil men from Pennsylvania and Western New York, and an industry of high value was speedily developed. When oil in paying quantity was found in Los Angeles, nearly half a million dollars of outside capital was quickly invested there, and many of the surviving petroleum kings of twenty-five years ago became extensive operators again.

Over half of the wells so far bored in Southern California are in Los Angeles. The product is so full and steady, and so much cheaper than coal, that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific railroads have converted a large number of their coal locomotives into oil burners, and are using crude petroleum for fuel.

The World's Protection of Private Property in War-time

When the United States declared war against Spain, it announced that the policy of the Government would be not to resort to privateering, and Spain in officially acknowledging a state of war declared that she would reserve to herself the right of privateering.

The action of Spain caused a widespread uneasiness, and it was a general sentiment that all maritime nations should recognize the rules of the Declaration of Paris, whether they had formally accepted them or not.

Unfortunately, during the war Spain had no opportunity for engaging in this generally condemned practice; but the event called out influential expressions in various parts of the world favoring a strong and universal compact for the protection of private property at sea during a period of war.

The time now seems opportune for such an understanding, and the New York Chamber of Commerce has taken the initiative by memorializing President McKinley to invite the maritime nations of the world to an international congress, to prepare rules guaranteeing the safety and freedom from capture of private property on the sea.

The President's Right to Select Commissioners from Congress

An interesting controversy has been raised in Congress concerning the right of the President to appoint Senators and Representatives as commissioners for special public negotiations. The issue is founded on President McKinley's acts during the past summer.

Senator Cullom and Senator Morgan and Representative Hitt were appointed Hawaiian Commissioners by the President; Senators Fairbanks and Faulkner and Representative Dingley were included among the American members of the Joint High Commission; and Senators Davis, Frye and Gray among those of the American Peace Commission.

No question is raised as to the eminent fitness of these men for the special duties imposed on them by the President. In the case of the Senators, it is argued that the President acted wisely, as these men would bring direct to the ratifying body the most intimate knowledge on the subject of their missions.

An opposing argument is the old time theory of Senatorial courtesy, under which one Senator is supposed to be unwilling to criticise the work of another with the freedom that would be deemed proper on the work of an outsider.

Against the right of each House to appoint committees of its own members to act during recess, is set up the fact that the necessity for the three commissions named was an immediate and unforeseen emergency.

Plans for Increasing America's Merchant Marine

It is generally recognized that, for the United States to grasp and control the unusual commercial advantages now offered, prompt measures must be taken for building up our carrying trade on the ocean.

Heretofore our facilities have been deplorably deficient; with our new possessions, they are wholly inadequate. As present conditions hamper export traffic, all sections of the country are affected by them, and the problem of an increased merchant marine becomes an economic rather than a partisan one.

The Secretary of the Treasury and the Commissioner of Navigation have been studying the problem for several months, and recommend to Congress three solutions:

> "1. We may retain our laws unchanged, ignore national navigation, and continue to rely on vessels under foreign flags for the transportation of our exports and imports.
>
> "2. We may permit foreign built vessels to register under the American flag to ship owners.
>
> "3. We may extend direct Government aid to vessels built in the United States, and thus increase national navigation and national defense."

The prompt acceptance of any one of these solutions will undoubtedly result in again establishing America in her proper place among the merchant marine of the world.

Wherein the Cubans are Defeating Their Own Ends

There is a faction among the Cubans, to which the POST has several times referred, that either can not or will not recognize the true relation of the United States Government to all the people of the island.

When the protocol was signed, these Cubans seemed to believe that Spain had relinquished her sovereignty over the island to their particular selves. The continued presence of American officers, and their efforts to reorganize administrative affairs on plans originating in Washington, caused this faction an annoyance bordering on exasperation.

More recently, "the Assembly of the representatives of the Cuban people" took unto itself the full governing authority, and even proclaimed an amnesty to "all persons incarcerated or banished during the war with Spain for military or political reasons by the late Cuban War Council." The supreme effort found vent in these words:

> "The Cuban Assembly accepts the transmission of the power and authority of the Provisional Government, and assumes the responsibilities of government for the people."

A permanent Government for the island will be established in due season under the direction of the United States, and the persistent ignoring of the status of our Government will only delay the event.

General Miles' Plan for a New Regular Army

The bill prepared by General Miles for an increase and reorganization of the Regular Army, and which will at least serve as a basis for the Congressional legislation now deemed imperative, contains many features that are novel to American military life.

Having in view our probable future as well as immediately present needs, General Miles based his bill on a strength of one soldier to one thousand of the population of the United States, and two soldiers to one thousand of the population in the dependent colonies,—approximately, 100,000 men.

Once organized on this basis, the Army could be increased according to the increase of population without special Congressional action. This Army would consist of fifteen regiments of cavalry, fourteen of seacoast artillery, two of field artillery, two of engineers, and fifty of infantry.

The bill provides for the usual Medical, Subsistence and Quartermaster Departments; a Bureau of Military Justice; an Inspector General; an Adjutant-General; one General Commanding; for two Lieutenant-Generals, eight Major-Generals; and also for twenty-two Brigadier-Generals.

This proposed organization is similar to that of the most effective armies of the European Powers, and its leading features were urged on Congress by General Sherman and Lieutenant General Schofield.

Why Our Young Men Should Not Rush to Our Colonies

In the opinion of those amply qualified to judge, it would be unwise for people to rush to our new possessions with the expectation of readily finding profitable business connections, for many months to come.

It should be remembered that there were several millions of people on the various islands long before we had our present interest in them; that a large amount of capital was invested in local industries, some of great extent; and that, since American occupation or possession became apparent, numerous syndicates, backed with unlimited capital, have quietly secured control of all those interests that promised the best immediate results for the investors.

Large capital may yet find profitable employment; but without it the probabilities of success are very slight. A great reorganizing work has yet to be accomplished, and when that is done the islands will offer about the same inducements for people without independent means as may be found nearer home.

Students of a Noted University Abolish Hazing

The students of Princeton University have earned hearty commendation by passing a set of resolutions abolishing all forms of hazing and providing means for settling cases of molestation, intimidation, and unwarrantable dictation without recourse to demoralizing practices.

The resolutions declared that the custom of hazing involved an intolerable interference on the part of one student in the rights and privileges of his fellow, and that it exerted a damaging influence on the work and reputation of the university.

Under the new plan, the freshmen will be expected to observe the established and recognized college customs, molestation, intimidation, or any unwarranted dictation toward freshmen by sophomores will be considered hazing, and members of all classes will be privileged to appeal to a special committee when they have actual or fancied grievances.

Offending freshmen will be dealt with by this committee, and in cases where sophomores are found guilty of hazing the committee will refer the matter to the faculty, who will decide on the imposition of penalties.

Love Songs of Burns

BURNS was preeminently a son of the soil, a careless, happy child of Nature. Born just 140 years ago this month, in Ayrshire, the son of a farmer, Burns had for his earliest companions the uncouth children of the simple country folk. The tales and songs of the locality aroused the latent seeds of poetry in the young man's fancy, which burst into full flower under the genial warmth of his love for a "bonnie, sweet, sonsie lasste."

•

Spontaneous as all his songs and poems seem, there was a cause behind them all. Some sentiment, some incident held his attention, filtered through his poetic mind and blossomed into a delicate bit of verse.

His love for Mary Campbell was the inspiration of the song, Highland Mary. She was a servant in the family of a gentleman living in Mauchline. She possessed unusual mental gifts, and had a sweet disposition. Burns had a sincere affection for her, and when she was compelled to leave for the West Highlands, the parting was most tender.

Cunningham tells us that "The lovers stood on each side of a small, purling brook, they laved their hands in its limpid stream,

ROBERT BURNS

and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other." But before Burns saw his Highland Mary again she died of the fever.

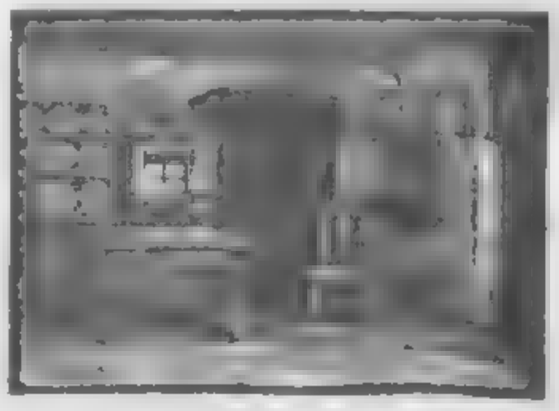
•

Oh, Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Lad was written by Burns, to be sung to an air which was a great favorite with him.

The song, John Anderson, My Jo, was very ancient, and every one who made any claim to being a poet added a stanza or two. The stanzas printed under the World's Best Poems this week were written by Burns.

In a letter to his friend, Mrs. Dunlop, dated December 17, 1788, Burns says:

> Your meeting, which you so well describe, with your old school-fellow, was truly interesting. Out upon the ways of the world!—they spoil these 'social offsprings of the heart.' Two veterans of 'the men of the world' would have met with little more heartworkings than two hacks worn out on the road. Apropos, is not the Scotch phrase 'auld lang syne' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled my soul. I shall give you the verses on the other sheet. Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment!"


THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS AT ALLOWAY, SCOTLAND

As a matter of fact, Burns wrote several of the stanzas himself, and retouched them all, so that what is not absolutely his own bears his poetic imprint.

In the same way, the old, familiar Scotch song, which referred to the fording of the little River Rye, was touched up and polished off by Burns. It was the custom for the young men to exact a toll of kisses from the lasses who were met in crossing the stream on the stepping-stones.

Burns was a writer of songs of the people. No poet has given more glowing utterance to the ardor of youthful love, has touched more delicately its sweet unreasonableness, its pathos. He struck inspiring chords of patriotism; he reached the hearts of men

Oh-hon! for Somebody!
Oh-hey! for Somebody!

The Best POEMS in the WORLD

Numbers LXII—LXVIII

Now we maun totter down, John
But hand and hand we'll go,-

SIX or SEVEN SONGS of Robert Burns.

For the Sake of Somebody.

MY HEART is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody,
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could rnuge the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
Oh, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody,
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do,—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!

• • •

A Red, Red ROSE.

OH, MY LUVE'S like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

• • •

WHISTLE, and I'LL COME to you, My LAD.

OH, WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let nnebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
And come, etc.

Oh, whistle, etc.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
Yet look, etc.

Oh, whistle, etc.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
For fear, etc.

Oh, whistle, etc.

"Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;"

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Catharine Ogie."

YE BANKS, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

• • • • •

EDITOR'S NOTE—During the year 1899 the POST will continue its department of the World's Best Poems. As heretofore, these poems will be selected because they touch the heart, and are filled with human interest. This series will be admirably illustrated by the leading illustrators of the day. The aim of the POST is to give its readers not the best from the standpoint of the ultra-literary man, but such poems as appeal to all that is best in human nature, such poems, in short, as one cuts from a newspaper or periodical and carries in the pocketbook until they are worn through at the creases. Where space permits a sketch of the poet's life will be given, with the story of what inspired the poem.

John Anderson My JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand and hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

• • •

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS:—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie wnught,
For auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

• • •

COMING Thro' the RYE.

COMIN' thro' the rye, poor body,
Comin' thro' the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin' thro' the rye.

CHORUS:
Oh, Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry.
She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry.

Oh, Jenny's a' weet, etc.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the glen;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the warld ken.

Oh, Jenny's a' weet, etc.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of People as They Pass

Why Dewey Didn't Crush Aguinaldo

It has been a matter of surprise to many people that Rear-Admiral Dewey permitted the Filipino leader to continue his aggressive course in the Philippines, especially after the Navy was reinforced by large detachments of the Army.

The situation in the Philippines was peculiar, and required delicate handling in comparison with that in Cuba. The United States was at war only with the holder of sovereignty. The fact that an insurrection was in progress at both places was an incident for which Spain alone was responsible.

In Cuba, the insurgents recognized the conditions of relinquishment, and with Spain out of the way, all practically was out of the way, and the United States was sovereign tentatively. In the Philippines, the United States made no attempt at conquest, and, after securing a base of operations, left local conditions alone.

Under the armistice, all hostilities were suspended between the principals, which were the United States and Spain. Aguinaldo was not a party to the war or the armistice, and had the Americans attacked him they would have violated the armistice by resuming hostilities constructively against Spain.

•

The Founder of the Woman's Temple

The twenty-fifth annual convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in St. Paul, was made memorable by the decision to abandon the Woman's Temple, in Chicago, as an affiliated interest.

This enormous and stately structure, which cost upward of $1,000,000, was planned and brought into existence by Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, as an enduring memorial to the labors of American women in the temperance cause. For a variety of reasons, the institution has not met the expectations, financially, of its projectors, and hence the recent action.

Mrs. Carse is one of the most philanthropic and energetic women in the country, and has probably founded more benevolent and helpful institutions than any other person. She is of Irish birth, and since 1856 has resided in Chicago, where she has succeeded in establishing a cluster of practical charities of which the city is justly proud.

•

When Prince George Saved the Czar's Life

Prince George, the second son of the King of Greece, and Commissioner-General of the island of Crete, is now in his thirtieth year. He is a giant in stature, and is a popular officer in the Greek Navy. He speaks English fluently, and is generally considered a self-contained, level-headed young man, who resembles his mother, Queen Olga, in features and personal characteristics.

He always carries an enormous walking-stick, which he calls his mascot; and it was with this stick that he saved the life of the present Czar, then the Czarowitch, with whom he was traveling in Japan in 1891. When at Otsu, near Kioto, the Czarowitch was suddenly attacked with a sabre by a member of the Samurai sect, noted for their fanatical hostility to foreigners. Prince George threw himself upon the assailant, and after knocking him down, brandished that awful walking-stick about his head till officers secured the assailant.

•

Riley's Opinion of Kipling

"In a recent interview, James Whitcomb Riley, the poet of the plain people, whose writings, in some subtle way, sweep our heartstrings, said of Rudyard Kipling:

"A lot of fellows, who know nothing of Kipling's early history, think that he just did it,—that he just happened. But that fellow was hustling around newspaper offices from the time he was thirteen years old. Born and brought up among a strange people, with queer customs, he was for years gathering material for his work.

"He has the greatest curiosity of any man I ever knew; everything interests him. In fact, he is a regular literary blotting-pad, soaking up everything on the face of the earth. Who before Kipling ever gave us animal talk? Æsop's Fables were kindergarten talk compared with his. I think he is one of the greatest writers we ever had. Think of a man only thirty-two years old who has given to the world eleven volumes of prose and verse! He has only just started.

"Another thing, read him from beginning to end, study him, become as familiar with his work as you will, every new bit from him displays some trait, some line of thought that is new. That man is great."

•

Richard Harding Davis and His Medals

Richard Harding Davis, the novelist, so the story goes, quite won the Sultan's heart by his reports of the Græco-Turkish War, and was presented with many medals by the Turkish potentate. Naturally he is very proud of them.

One evening when Davis was in London he was entertained at a London club, at which Sir Henry Irving was present. At this supper he wore all his medals.

Sir Henry saw the young American, and became particularly interested in the display of metal and ribbon upon the front of his coat and vest. He kept eyeing the collection, and finally begged to be introduced to the wearer. The two were brought together.

"Sir Henry," said the man who was performing the ceremony, "this is Mr. Richard Harding Davis, the brilliant young American writer."

"Chawmed," said Sir Henry. This was spoken absent-mindedly, for the great actor's attention was riveted on the medals.

Davis noticed this with evident pride.

Sir Henry looked them all over with great interest. Finally he fingered one, and took Davis somewhat aback by inquiring casually, with his peculiar drawl:

"You get those at school?"

•

President Dwight's Retirement

President Timothy Dwight, of Yale University, who has just refused to reconsider his resignation of that position, to take effect at the close of the present college year, only recently celebrated his seventieth birthday. This noted educator was born in Norwich, Connecticut. He was the third son of Timothy Dwight, the first of the name to succeed to the presidency of Yale, at the death of Doctor Stiles, in 1795. The present incumbent of that office was graduated at Yale in the class of 1849, and from 1850 to 1853 studied theology there.

From 1851 to 1855 he was a tutor at Yale, and for the next few years studied at Bonn, Germany. On his return from abroad he was chosen professor of sacred literature and New Testament Greek in Yale Theological Seminary. In 1886 he was chosen President, to succeed Noah Porter.

Concerning his future, President Dwight says he has formed no particular plans. His resignation was a total surprise at this time. In 1901 this venerable institution will celebrate the bi-centennial of its founding, and it was supposed that President Dwight would not abandon his high office until after that event. But age has weighed heavily upon him, and he expressed in his letter of resignation the opinion that a person who is placed in the chief administrative office of an institution like Yale should not continue that position beyond the age of seventy.

So far as is now known, he contemplates a well-earned rest after his active connection with the university is severed. He will remain in New Haven. He says: "I will make my home here as a quiet citizen, just as anybody else, and I hope to die here."

•

Brice, the Millionaire's Friend

Calvin Stewart Brice, of Ohio, New York, and Rhode Island, lawyer, ex-United States Senator, ex-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, railroad magnate, and head of the American syndicate that recently obtained a $40,000,000 concession from the Chinese Government, was one of the most enigmatical of our public men.

He was a wiry, angular man of medium height, with a great shock of brown hair that kept tumbling down over a moderately high forehead; he was nervous in manner, blunt and offhand, easy of access to the interviewer, and a ready talker on whatever subject was broached.

He seemed to care nothing for what people might say or think about him, prided himself on the difficulty people had in understanding him, and took no offense when he was publicly called the Baron Munchausen of New York finance, or when he was credited with contributing more fiction to the newspapers than any other man.

Himself a millionaire several times over, he always had a particularly sympathetic word for other millionaires. He indignantly repelled the oft-repeated assertion that the United States Senate is a millionaires' club. The exceedingly rich men in the Senate are the hardest workers and the most efficient members, he claimed.

These men, he declared, had mostly made their own fortunes by the hardest kind of work. They have large private interests to watch in addition to their public duties, and as they discharge the last conscientiously, they are deserving of more commendation.

•

Carter Harrison's Fight for a City's Rights

When Carter H. Harrison, son of the assassinated "World's Fair Mayor," was elected Mayor of Chicago, the independent spirit of his father was reproduced in the words:

> "My purpose is to give the city a conservative business administration. I shall not be dictated to by any man, or league, or any association, and so long as I occupy the chair, no one will be Mayor but Carter H. Harrison."

The father brought order out of financial chaos by a severely economical administration, and his memory is now revered for the great good he accomplished. To-day the son has set himself against the spoliation of the city by trolley magnates, and is supported by the best elements in the city.

He has initiated a desperate fight on the sound platform:

> "The streets are ours, and we must not grant a franchise unless given a fair, adequate and complete compensation. The street-car companies are making an enormous profit. They get annually $1,800,000 above a good interest. This money should be put in the pockets of the citizens of Chicago."

At the present writing the Mayor's firm stand and the citizens' remonstrances against the lease of the valuable franchise bid fair to save Chicago from organized robbery.

•

Dark Days in Bjornsen's Life

The great Norwegian novelist, playwright and poet, the "Victor Hugo of the North," reached a serious crisis in his eventful career while holding the vicarate at Swantwyk, near Trondhjem, which for a time seemed likely to cut short his work in literature.

His was then the old tale of ill-requited literary genius. He had reached such a state of poverty that he did not know how to make ends meet, and to his sympathetic friend, Goldschmidt, he related his troubles.

"You see," he said, "I have been struggling hard for ten years. My vicarage pays me but $250 a year. For my books I have hardly received anything. Why should I stay in Norway? I was told that my books had been well received in America. Our Norwegians in America are prosperous. Why should not I do well there likewise? If I do not succeed as a writer, at least I have strong arms to work."

"Have you any offers from parties in America?" inquired Goldschmidt.

"None at all. I shall go to New York, in October next, on a venture. If I find something to do there I shall remain in the city. Otherwise, I shall go farming in the Northwest."

Better days, however, soon opened to the struggling, discouraged genius. He came to the United States in 1880, and made a long lecturing tour through this country; but there was no longer a necessity to engage in farming to support himself and family.

Letters to the Editor

WITH A WORD OR TWO OF EDITORIAL COMMENT

••

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The author of the editorial The Dark Valley of Prosperity seems to take too timid a view of the possibilities of America for the American people. Has it ever been the history of Americans that they have been too bold, too aggressive in the affairs of nations? Has it not been that we have been the timid nation? Does not the memory of many petty insults, and of a few grave injuries, prove this?

In the past, perhaps, prudence has been the correct thing, but at this date must we not take one step forward and accept our future? Is there danger that Manila, Santiago and the battle of Santiago harbor should be too much remembered? Is there danger that firesides should glow too much with praise of the heroic fellows who, in the recent struggle, bore the Stars and Stripes so bravely into the ranks of the Spanish foe and made the whole world ring with the glory of American arms? Is it not rather more probable that the American people should too soon forget the greatness of recent events, and turn, unmindful, to trivial things?

Washington, Indiana. W. G. D.

[Pride has an understudy, vanity, which mimics all its phases. Vanity is pride gone to seed. Pride is just, fair, the individual's true appreciation of his own good deed well done. Vanity is a pride about twelve sizes too large for the act. True pride will never lead the individual or the nation to be timid, but it will save him from the foolhardiness of vanity. The original editorial carefully stated this fact. There are no fixed limits to the growth of the American people, but they must be careful in determining what "growth" really means.—THE EDITOR.]

•••

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The able editorial on the subject of Equal Opportunity for All Men has been read with more than passing interest.

It seems to me that equal opportunity implies nothing of compulsion. The individual must be free to choose, to take or to let alone. As you say, it would be manifestly unjust to subject the piece of wax and the piece of clay to the same strong sunlight; but if the sunlight represents opportunity, then the unfairness disappears, for the wax would deserve to be melted should it embrace an opportunity which could but prove its destruction.

You say, and say truly, that men differ in abilities, but who can say that, in the same sight of God, one talent is valued more highly than another? Is there any inherent reason why one man should obtain for an expenditure of three per cent. of nerve force that which costs another twenty-five per cent. of the same? We have such an inveterate habit of measuring every effort by its results that we have come to leave the effort itself almost entirely out of our calculations. The man who reads Sanskrit may indeed possess greater abilities than he who hoes corn, but does it necessarily follow that he should therefore receive greater reward?

It seems to me that neither the greatness nor the meagreness of a man's talents should be taken into account in apportioning the reward, but rather the use which he makes of his God-given powers. For his endowments he is not responsible; for the exercise of his abilities he is responsible.

It seems to me, too, that the fault found with Mr. Bellamy's system is not altogether just. For instance, the three years' service to be required of each individual does not appear to me such a great hardship. It is not so long, nor is it required at so tender an age, as is the military service in Germany. At most, it could be but a temporary delay to the achievement of one's purpose,—a delay which would prove a hindrance to no earnest soul, and which is not comparable to the discouragements and hindrances in real life as we know it to-day.

Rushmore, Minnesota. W. S. S.

[Every community founded on equality necessitates a power of compulsion vested in a governing body. In some systems it is less in evidence than in others, but careful analysis will always reveal it. All these systems compel a man to work. It has even been found necessary to have Compulsory Education laws in most States to make parents accept the opportunities offered to their children. The subtle pitfall of the wax and the clay illustration is that the equality scheme *forces* the waxes into the same sunlight of opportunity.

If it seems wrong to pay the Sanskrit scholar more than the hoe-puller, is it not equally unjust to fix the hoe-puller's salary as the basis of the scholar's wage?

The idea that man should be responsible only for the use he has made of his powers is an old one. Nine-tenths of an iceberg is below water. Most of man's ability is latent because he does not develop it; it may slumber through all his life, never awakened. The ideal communities exact the development, while God Himself merely gives the ability, and the option of burying his talent, or putting it out to usury. He never exacts obedience.

Compulsory military service in Germany every year forces thousands of the best sons of the nation to forsake home, country, family, all they hold most dear, to escape three years' sentence in the prison-life of a training school for killing their fellow-men. Three years is not much to take from eternity, but it is too much to take from an individual life.—THE EDITOR.]

Under the Evening Lamp

Half Hours With Song and Story

Lincoln Fixed the Blame

LINCOLN'S jokes, especially when perpetrated in connection with grave matters, usually had a purpose in them. After Lee had taken Harper's Ferry, the President, realizing how great a calamity it was to the Northern arms, determined, if possible, to fix the responsibility for the loss of the important position.

Halleck was summoned, but did not know where the blame lay. "Very well," said Lincoln, "I'll ask General Schenck." The latter could throw no light upon the question, further than to say he was not to blame.

Milroy was the next to be called to the presence of the Commander-in Chief, and to enter a plea of "not guilty." Hooker was next given a hearing, and Fighting Joe made an emphatic disclaimer of all responsibility.

Then the President assembled the four Generals in his room, and said to them: "Gentlemen, Harper's Ferry was surrendered, and none of you, it seems, is responsible. I am very anxious to discover the man who is."

After striding across the room several times, the President suddenly threw up his bowed head and exclaimed, "I have it; I know who is responsible."

"Who, Mr. President; who is it?" asked the distinguished quartette, as they looked anxious, if not troubled.

"Gentlemen," said the President, with a meaning twinkle in his eye, "General Lee is the man."

There was a lack of mirth in the laugh created, and the four Generals took their departure with a determination that they would not again be placed under suspicion.

•

The Hour When Death is Nearest

IN ONE of his books, the late R. L. Stevenson speaks of a moment in the early morning when a strange influence disturbs the sleep of men and animals.

"It is quite true," said a physician to whom the point was referred. "At or about three o'clock every morning all human beings and animals are nearer to death than at any other hour. At that time cattle stir and moan in their sleep, while men turn uneasily in their beds, and awaken partially or wholly, as though disturbed. If you are sitting up, you will feel unusually cold and drowsy at this time. Three in the morning is an hour that we doctors are accustomed to dread, for by far the majority of deaths among the sick occur at about that time.

"There are many explanations. My own theory is that it is due to the ebb and flow of the earth's magnetic currents. It has been observed that at about three in the afternoon a man's physical forces reach their highest, and it is a simple inference that at the corresponding hour of the morning the lowest point of the vital tide is reached."

•

Where Certain Styles Originated

THE newspaper wits have insinuated that, should fate decide against the permanent recovery of the Prince of Wales, and he should be left with a slight limp, limping would become a fashionable fad.

There is nothing new in this, and it would not be the first time that physical defects set a style. The Alexandra limp became the fashion in 1874. In that year the Princess of Wales was afflicted with a lameness in one of her knees. Only a slight limp was the result, but this limp was caught up and imitated by the ladies of the court, and then by a large proportion of the women of England. Not a few of the women of America also aped the fashion.

The long trains, which were so popular and so offensive a feature of the fashions of the early seventies, grew out of the fact that Queen Victoria, owing to a painful swelling, had been obliged to wear bandages on her foot. To conceal the bandages, she lengthened her skirts. Her dutiful subjects straightway lengthened their skirts also.

History is full of similar anecdotes. Alexander the Great had a twist in his neck. It was, therefore, fashionable for every one in that Monarch's court to carry his neck awry. One day, Francis I, of France, was struck on the chin with a piece of tile. To hide the resultant scar he allowed his beard to grow. His courtiers all followed the example set by their Monarch.

When Fox, the first of Quakers, was sitting in church, and the preacher said anything which he didn't like, he moved solemnly, put on his hat, and kept it on until the disagreeable remarks concluded. Hence arose the Quaker custom of wearing hats in church.

•

A Hotel Bill in China

A CHINESE hotel bill is startling enough at first glance, says a traveler. When our first was presented we found dismal, hopeless bankruptcy staring us in the face. Here it is:

Accommodations with beds, rice, and hot water for three	339
Extra bedding for three	75
Pork	99
Eighteen cups of tea	54
Cabbage, beans and potatoes	115
Two chickens	300
Peaches and pears	60
Lamp	15
Total	1,039

Such an account made three pairs of eyes open wide. We had lived like ascetics, and slept like tramps. Then we figured the bill out. Chinese cash, 1039, in American coin represented about 89 cents. And still we had been charged an amount twice as great as Chinamen would be expected to pay.

•

Mrs. Browning's Farewell to Her Husband

DEATH-BED scenes are not always edifying, but sometimes one is portrayed which is so full of light and love that we are glad to remember it. Such was Mrs. Browning's, and her husband's story of it shows his own love for her in an exquisite fashion that also is not to be forgotten, says the Youth's Companion.

"She said, on the last evening, 'It is merely the old attack, not so severe a one as that of two years ago. There is no doubt that I shall soon recover.'

"And so we talked over plans for the summer and the next year. Through the night she slept heavily and brokenly, but then she would sit up, take her medicine, say unrepeatable things to me, and sleep again. At four o'clock there were symptoms that alarmed me, so I called the maid and sent for the doctor. She smiled as I proposed to bathe her feet

"'Well,' she said, 'you are determined to make an exaggerated case of it!'

"Then came what my heart will keep until I see her again, and longer,—the most perfect expression of her love for me within my whole knowledge of her. Always smiling, happily, and with a face like a girl's, in a few minutes she died in my arms, her head on my cheek.

"These incidents so sustain me that I tell them to her beloved ones as their right. There was no lingering nor acute pain, nor consciousness of separation; but God took her to Himself as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark, uneasy bed into your arms and the light.

"When I asked, 'How do you feel?' the last word was, 'Beautiful!'"

•

Searchlight That Can Be Seen 150 Miles

THE great searchlight that was mounted on top of the Liberal Arts Building at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago has been erected at the summit of Mount Lowe, in California, where, because of the rarity of the atmosphere, it has demonstrated for the first time its real power of penetration.

The light stands about eleven feet high, weighs 6000 pounds, has a reflecting lens three and a half inches thick at the edges, and only one-sixteenth of an inch thick at the centre, and weighing about 800 pounds; and has a power of 3,000,000 candles.

In its new location the rays of the light can be seen at a distance of 150 miles on the ocean, and its sweeping beam illuminates the peaks of mountains hundreds of miles apart.

LEFT ALONE

'T'S THE lonesomest house you ever saw,
This big gray house where I stay,—
I don't call it livin' at all, at all,—
Since my mother went away.

Four long weeks ago, an' it seems a year;
"Gone home," so the preacher said,
An' I ache in my breast with wantin' her,
An' my eyes are always red.

I stay out-of-doors till I'm almost froze,
'Cause every corner an' room
Seems empty enough to frighten a boy,
An' filled to the doors with gloom.

I hate them to call me in to my meals,
Sometimes I think I can't bear
To swallow a mouthful of anythin'
An' her not sittin' up there

A-pourin' the tea, an' passin' the things,
An' laughin' to see me take
Two big lumps of sugar instead of one,
An' more than my share of cake.

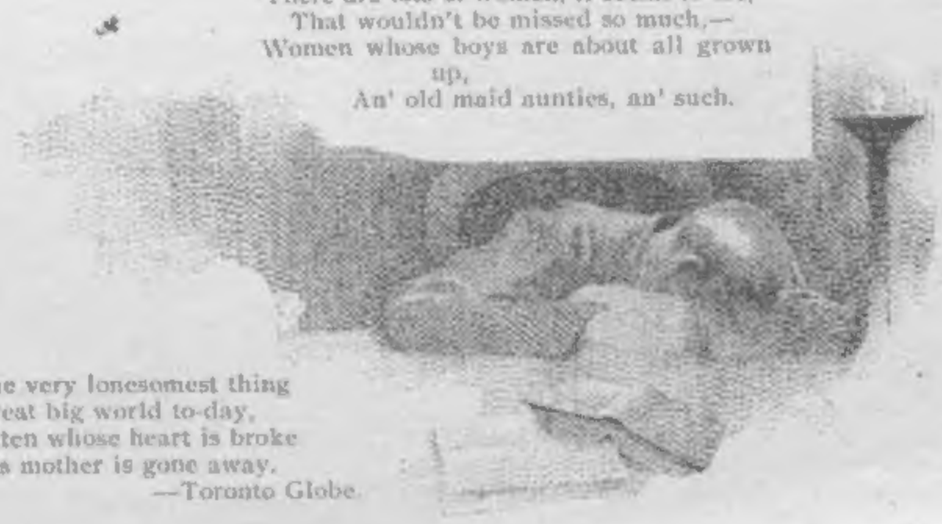
There's no one to go to when things go wrong;
She was always so safe an' sure.
Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy
That she couldn't up an' cure.

I'm too big to be kissed, I used to say,
But somehow I don't feel right,
Crawlin' into bed as still as a mouse,—
Nobody sayin' good-night,

An' tuckin' the clothes up under my chin,
An' pushin' my hair back, so:
Things a boy makes fun of before his chums,
But things that he likes, you know.

I can't make it out for the life of me
Why she should have to go
An' her boy left here in this old gray house,
A-needin' an' wantin' her so.

There are lots of women, it seems to me,
That wouldn't be missed so much,—
Women whose boys are about all grown up,
An' old maid aunties, an' such.



I tell you the very lonesomest thing
In this great big world to-day,
Is a boy of ten whose heart is broke
'Cause his mother is gone away.

—Toronto Globe.

WOMAN'S WIT

A YOUNG English attaché of the Legation in Washington remarked to an American belle some years ago: "I am really sorry that the Bering Sea affair is not likely to be amicably adjusted, for, of course, with our superior Navy we could just wipe you off the face of the earth." She replied with one word—"Again?"

ALTHOUGH they make no pretentions to wit, there is much genuine humor among the women journalists of Boston.

"Do you live on the Back Bay?" said a lady once to Miss Jenkins, whose home then was on a narrow little street uptown. "Rather the small of the Back Bay," she answered instantly.

DOCTOR TALMAGE'S youngest daughter was fond of evening gayeties, and often slept late in consequence. Coming down about nine o'clock one morning, she met her parent's stern gaze, and received the very depressing greeting of: "Good-morning, daughter of sin." "Good-morning, father," was her response.

JULIA WARD HOWE was talking with a dilapidated bachelor, who retained little but his conceit. He said: "It is time now for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much. I want youth, health, wealth, of course, beauty, grace——" "Yes," she said sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all."

AT A SUPPER party the conversation turned on talking shop. Some one declared that an actor or musician was never happy unless allowed to talk shop by the hour, and then it was pointed out that doctors and barristers were just as bad. A witty lady present laughingly added: "Yes, philosophers talk Schopenhauer, ladies shopping, tipplers schoppen, musicians Chopin, and actors shop."

SOPHIE ARNOULD, a fascinating young actress, about 1744, was noted for her wit. Benjamin Franklin said he nowhere found such pleasure and such wit as in her company.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked Bernard, in one of his abstracted moods.

"I was talking to myself," he replied.

"Be careful," she said; "you gossip with a flatterer."

HEARING of the grace and agility of a pretty Scotch lassie who had danced the sword dance most cleverly for some of her officers, Queen Victoria commanded the same diversion for herself, and was equally entertained. At the close of the brilliant performance, the girl advanced and courtesied profoundly.

"What can I do for you?" asked Her Majesty.

"Give me the head of Gladstone!" said the modern Herodias.

"I would gladly do that, my dear, but he lost it some years ago," retorted the Queen.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The above examples of woman's wit are extracts from "Are Women Witty?" This lecture appears in Kate Sanborn's book, My Favorite Lectures of Long Ago.

Every one is pleased with the COMFORT POCKET HEATER. Simple, practical, convenient—no flame, no smoke, cannot explode. $1.00 by mail, postpaid. *Your money back if you want it.* Write for circular. Clark & Fogalls, 41 Gold St., New York

4 Linen Doilies for 10 Cents

We will send, to any one, four 6 inch Doilies, beautiful flower designs, together with our 100-page Catalogue, on receipt of 10 cents.

C. S. DAVISSON & CO.
48 S. Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. 81

PLAYS —SPEAKERS— For Home and School. New Catalogues, FREE. De Witt, 34 W. 30th St., N. Y. —DIALOGUES—

GET 250-page book about MAGIC LANTERNS FREE Tells how to operate them, how much they cost—how to make money *with small capital.* Sent free on request. McALLISTER, Mfg. Opticians, 49 Nassau Street, New York

DON'T LOSE THE POINT

of your pencil. Carry it in the Improved Washburne Patent Pencil Holder. Fastens to pocket or lapel of vest. Grips firmly, but don't tear the fabric. Eyeglass holder, with swivel hook, equally handy. By mail, 10c. each.

Catalogue of these and other novelties made with the Washburne Fasteners free for the asking. American Ring Co.
Box 54, Waterbury, Conn.

Spencerian Pens
New Series No. 37

See That Hole?

That is for inserting a pointed instrument to eject the pen from the holder, and to prevent the ink from flowing back on the pen and soiling the fingers.

Samples on receipt of return postage. Ask for VERTICAL No. 37.

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
450 Broome Street, New York

NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

Aylwin, by Theodore Watts-Dunton.—As notable a novel as any that has appeared this season is Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's Aylwin. It is a glowing romance, framed in authentic realism.

Mr. Watts-Dunton has been for many years the leading critic of the Athenæum, and was the intimate friend of Browning, Rossetti, Morris, and many another famous man of letters. For years Swinburne has been his housemate,—in an old house just on the edge of Wimbledon Heath, where the gorse blooms yellowest. Into his novel Mr. Watts-Dunton has put a great deal of personal experience. The men he has known seem to be alive in its pages, and talking to you. And as well, you may gather from its pages a very adequate knowledge of the books he has read. His gypsies have stepped out of George Borrow's Lavengro, and the Romanye Rye, and his visionary, hypnotic heroine is the cousin-german of the half-forgotten Trilby. But all this is of little importance, save to the few who are interested in the new science of comparative fiction. The main thing is that Aylwin is a strong and fascinating romance.

The machinery of the story is not very artfully designed. It is told in a series of eighteen separate episodes, and though in the end one discovers an essential unity, yet the form is difficult enough to repel the casual and indolent reader. There are, of course, two characters whom love brings together in the first chapter; then Fate steps in, and drives them far apart, only that they may be brought together again in the end.

•

Have you ever thought that this is the simple formula upon which every play and every novel is built? In the tragic story, of course, the lovers should not be united in the last chapter. That is the one tragedy of life,—that lovers may not meet. Had Romeo and Juliet stepped blithely to the altar in the fifth act of Shakespeare's play, their other troubles had seemed to us light as blown leaves.

Mr. Watts-Dunton has complicated this common theme with a gloomy curse, with gypsy spells and Welsh enchantments and Rosicrucian mysticism; but, after all, he has only rewritten the old story,—the eternal love-story of humanity. Both Aylwin and the girl he loved were gypsily inclined. When the curse came upon them she wandered away to London. There she sold matches and begged her bread in the streets. He joined a gypsy caravan, and traveled vaguely through England, or stood at midnight on Snowdon, talking with Welsh ghosts. Is this romance enough? Or will you listen to the adventure of the haunted tomb, and the weird tale of the dead man who stood bolt upright by the seashore, a ruby cross upon his breast?

•

Perhaps the permanent reputation of the book will rest upon the episodes in which Dante Gabriel Rossetti appears. The heroine was not only under a curse, but she was cataleptic as well. She was just about to be buried, when Rossetti (though the author disguises him thinly under another name) came to her rescue. He woke her from her trance, and sent her away to the windy Welsh mountains, where she found her lover waiting for her in the mists.

There are other portraits in the book,—glimpses of Browning and Swinburne, and a rather unkindly sketch of William Morris,—but the real value of Aylwin lies in the study of the painter-poet. The gypsies who flit through the story are capitally observed. Sindi, for instance, is a wonderful character,—as brave and noble a girl as any in modern fiction. Probably she would never have existed had not George Borrow painted that full-length of Isopel Berners.

Mr. Watts-Dunton made his reputation as a critic and friend of poets. Aylwin will give him reputation of another sort. It is not a great book, but it is strong and sincere, and, best of all, it seems to be alive and talking to you. (Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.)

* * *

Birds that Hunt and are Hunted, by Neltje Blanchan.—To-day, all life upon the wing comes under the general head of Birds that are Hunted. Year after year a plague of pot-hunters and alleged sportsmen has swept over our marshes, a scourge of city "gents" and small boys has beaten every covert in the woods; and wherever there have been birds whose beauty of breast or wing was a pleasure to the eye, there have the purveyors to the milliners gone to shoot and snare. Some have killed for food, some for fun, and some for feathers, but all have been tireless in killing.

Primarily, Birds that Hunt and are Hunted, and its companion work, Bird Neighbors, are books of popular science, magnificently illustrated with colored plates, and are designed to give us a familiar and appreciative acquaintance with the winged life all about us. But, while the author has no quarrel with the true sportsman, they are powerful arguments as well against all this wanton killing,—this killing for petty pennies; this killing for the mere brute and brutalizing sake of killing; this killing to cater to a form of vanity which is a relic of savagery, an inheritance from ancestors who daubed themselves with ochre and vermilion, and tricked themselves out with bright colored feathers; who slit their ears and wore rings in their noses in order to conform to their standards of the good and the beautiful.

Mr. Blanchan's books are doubly valuable, then, because they take first rank as popular guides to a popular science, and, at the same time, teach us the value of birds, and tend to inculcate a love for them. (The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

* * *

When Knighthood was in Flower, by Edwin Caskoden.—In this, the 1899th year of our Lord and the fourth year of the revival of the romantic novel, it is pretty generally conceded that when knighthood was in flower the rewards of virtue were greatly in excess of what they are to-day, and the making or unmaking of Kings and Queens was effected by a good, healthy hero with the same nonchalance that an end-of-the-nineteenth-century man rides in an automobile.

There is nothing surprising or exciting, therefore, in the doings of Charles Brandon, hero-in-chief of When Knighthood was in Flower. Coming up to London with a full supply of the heroic virtues, and an Anthony Hope swagger, he falls in love with the Princess Mary, sister of Henry VIII,—a proceeding eventually productive of good results for that hero, though at first it looked as though King Henry, with one fell stroke, would destory the hero and the story.

The Princess Mary, however, became enamored of the self-possessed young man, and, though she is obliged to spend two chapters as the wife of the King of France, and several chapters in suspense, she finally has her way, saves the hero from the King's wrath, and marries him. This is the substance of the story. It is rather thin, but the author shows deftness in the art of suspense.

•

What is historically true in the book only serves to emphasize a lack of insight on the part of the novelist and his heedlessness of anything like verisimilitude.

The period that he has selected is so interesting, and so full of "atmosphere" that cannot be gotten at in a superficial manner, that one feels very sharply the incongruity of the characters. (Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

* * *

The Town Traveler, by George Gissing.—The wealth of material that London offers to the novelist has rarely been worked so well since Dickens' days as it is by Mr. Gissing. We use the name of the master advisedly, for between his work and that of the later writer there is a close relationship.

Not that Mr. Gissing is a second Dickens; his humor is more sober, and he lacks his flashes of insight and tender sympathy; nor do we mean to intimate that there is here the sincerest form of flattery. Not at all. Mr. Gissing observes with his own eyes, and the resemblance between his work and Dickens' lies only in the identity of the region explored and the class of people that inhabit it.

The town traveler ("city salesman" we would call him), the landlady, the maid-of-all-work, the head-waiter, Miss Polly (with her feathers that are the badge of all her tribe), the blackmailer, the nobleman,—all are perfectly natural, and move, moreover, in a story that unfolds smoothly and gradually, without violent interference or improbability. Thus the reader is drawn from page to page, as he is by the greater writer, with never a dull passage, a false note, to mar his pleasure.

Mr. Gissing inevitably invites comparison with Dickens, and that he stands the test so well is the best proof of the quality of his work. The Town Traveler is a book that will be laid down by whoever reads it with a feeling of thankfulness toward its clever author, who happily has discarded for once his sombre pessimism. (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

A Free Education Earned in Fourteen Days

ON the fourth of one month a girl started to earn one of the free educations offered by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. She was a teacher—teaching every day—yet, despite her duties, on the eighteenth of the month she had earned her education. "Quick work, wasn't it?" she writes; "and yet so easy!"

Another girl secured a scholarship in less than a month. Five hundred and nine others have earned these free educations. The scholarships are of the best, one of them costing the JOURNAL $2200.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL can now send a girl, or a young man, to any large musical conservatory in the land, and to any one of nine hundred and two universities, colleges, seminaries and schools, in any part of America. Arrangements have been made with educational institutions in every State of the Union, and every Province in Canada.

The five hundred and nine scholarships awarded were to people from thirteen to forty-five years of age. Over two hundred girls and young men are now being educated by the JOURNAL—all without a penny of expense to themselves. No competition; every one has the same chance. The plan is simple, as you may learn by writing The Educational Bureau of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

D AND C ROSES

The thirtieth edition of the **New Guide to Rose Culture,** the leading Rose Catalogue of America, will be sent **free on request.** 132 pages, superbly illustrated. Describes 75 entirely new roses and all old favorites. Makes success with D. & C. Roses possible to all. Describes all other desirable flowers. *Five samples of our magazine, Success with Flowers,* on request.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.
West Grove, Pa.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING

Learn to **Draw** for Magazines, Newspapers, by mail. Best teachers. Our methods have made successful illustrators. Takes spare time only. Terms moderate. **Catalogue Free.**

1293 BROADWAY New York

SINGER National Costume Series

GERMANY (Württemberg)

Simplicity, neatness and industry are characteristics of the German women, particularly of the women of Württemberg. The photograph, taken by one of our agents in Germany, and here reproduced, is a fitting illustration of the strong, healthy, well-trained peasant woman of the German Empire. The most peculiar feature of her costume is the head-dress, which is a modified form of the old style. Formerly a tall, semi-circular crest of richly embroidered velvet, fastened to a close-fitting quilted cap of silk, encircled the head from ear to ear. Four wide streamers of ribbon hung from the back. Now a small, round velvet cap takes the place of the crested one, but the ribbons are still worn.

Although a tremendous competition exists among sewing machine manufacturers in Germany, the SINGER is far in advance here as elsewhere, and for the same reasons—because of its superior design and construction, so that it runs more easily and noiselessly, does more and better work with less trouble and annoyance, and also because of the liberal policy extended to all purchasers.

Sold on Instalments. You can try one FREE. Old Machines taken in Exchange

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Offices in Every City in the World

Rev. Ludovic Lewis, Founder and Principal, who stammered for more than 30 years.

DO YOU

STAMMER?

You can be permanently cured at **THE LEWIS PHONO-METRIC INSTITUTE.** The largest, most thoroughly equipped and most successful institution for the cure of stammering in the world. Occupies three large three-story buildings. Provides a home for its pupils, with every convenience and accommodation. Surroundings homelike, moral and wholesome. Instruction, specialists of wide experience, instruction, thorough and complete. Cure, lasting and permanent. Graduates ever ready to recommend it. Endorsed by physicians, clergymen, teachers and graduates everywhere. Refer by permission to Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur, D.D., LL.D., Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, Greater New York; Rev. Donald D. MacLaurin, D.D., Pastor Woodward Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit, Mich.; Prof. Thos. C. Trueblood, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Prof. Geo. E. Hyrson, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.; Prof. Virgil Alonzo Pinkley, Author of "Essentials of Elocution and Oratory," Cincinnati College of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio; Prof. Robert Irving Fulton, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.

Additional references, including names and addresses of pupils cured, cheerfully supplied on request. Our 140 page book, "The Origin of Stammering," sent free to any person who stammers. Send 10 cents for six months' trial subscription to *The Phono-Meter,* a Monthly Journal exclusively for stammerers, and the only paper of its kind in the world. Sample copy free.

The Lewis Phono-Metric Institute, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.